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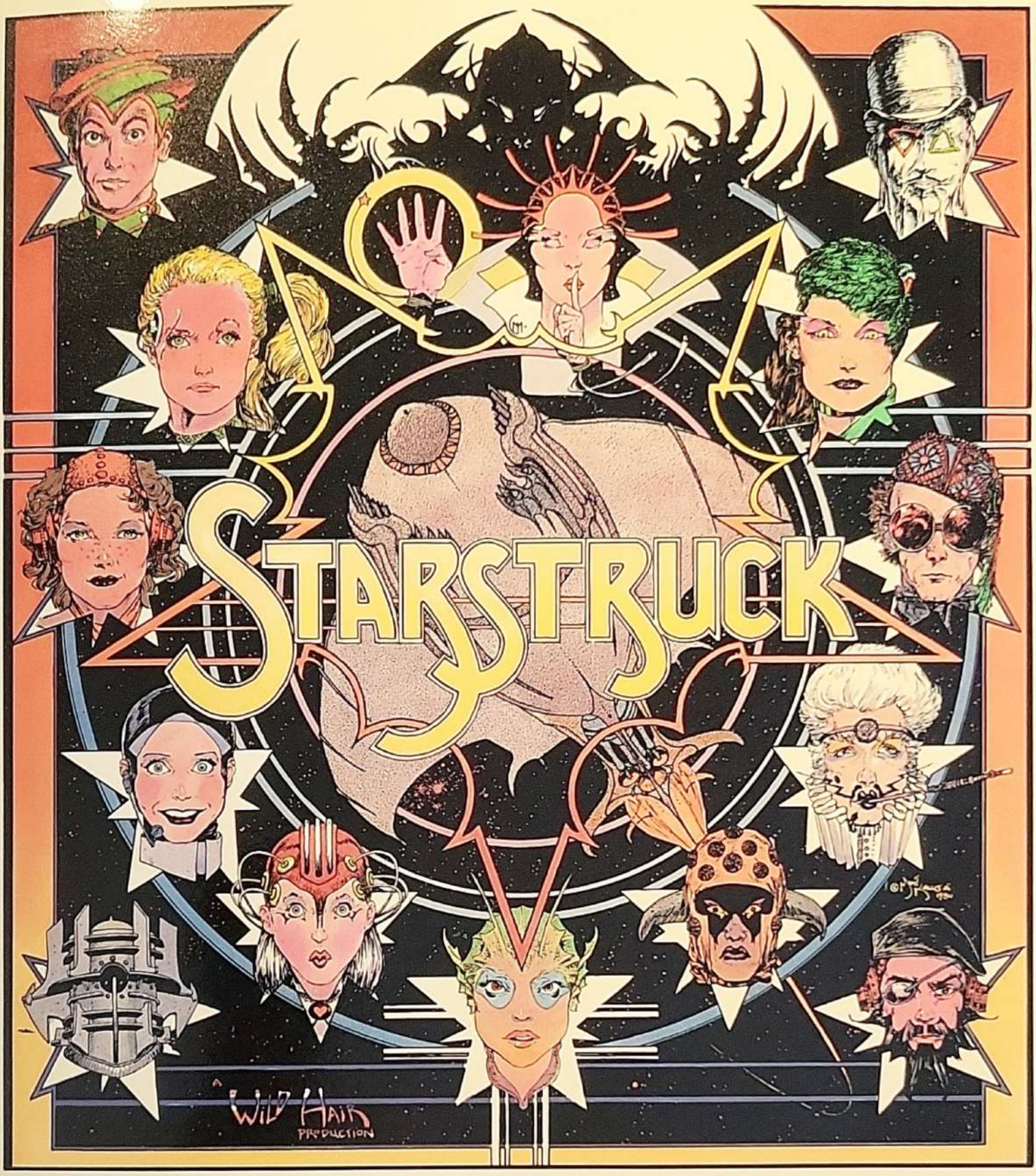

BROADWAY PLAY PUBLISHING, INC.

Starstruck
(A Space Opera)

By

Elaine Lee

Susan Norfleet Lee

and

Dale Place

With Drawings, Sets, and Costumes by

Michael Kaluta

249 WEST 29 STREET NEW YORK NY 10001 (212) 563-3820

STARSTRUCK

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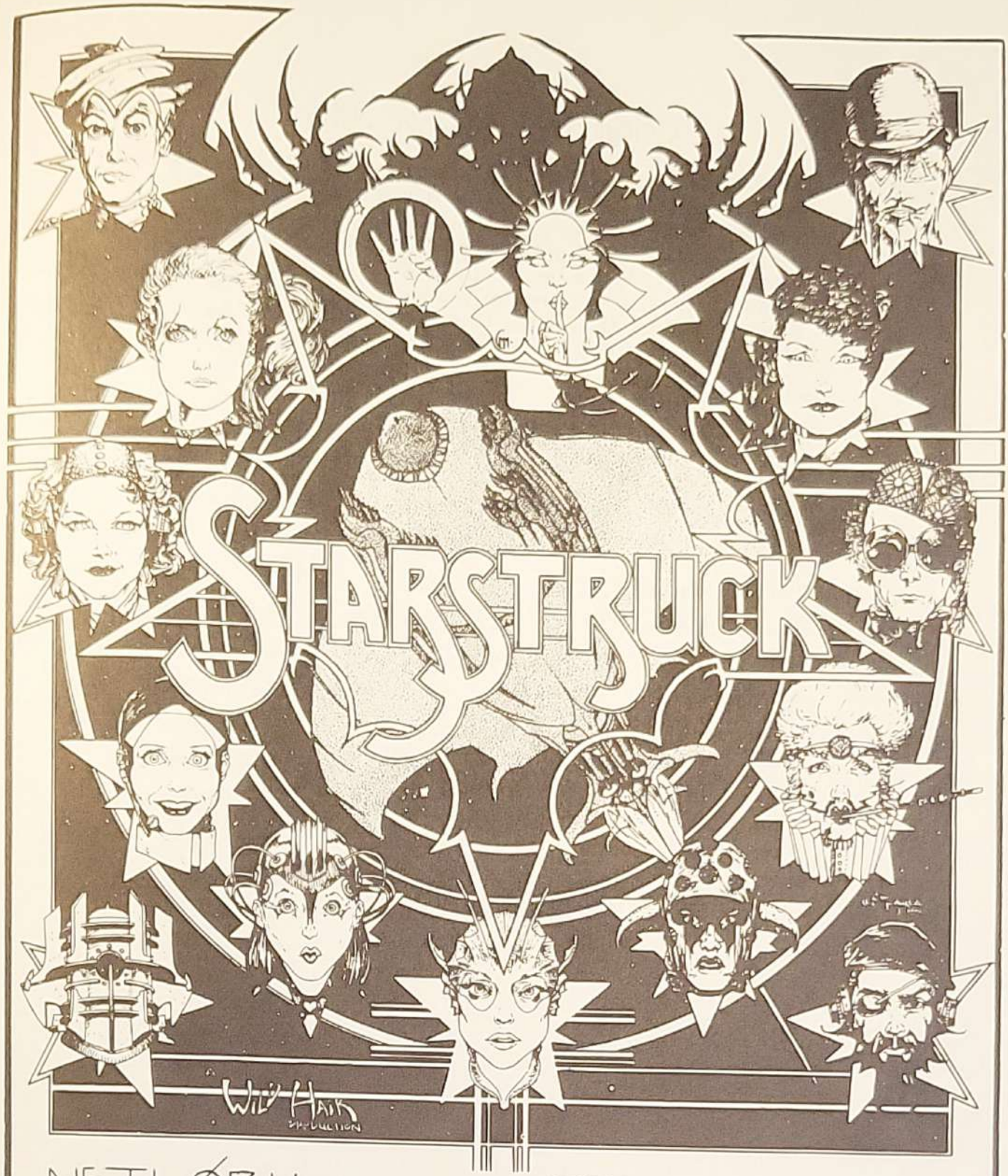


N.E.T.W.O.R.K. THEATER N.Y.C. 754 NINTH AVE. AT 51ST STREET

APRIL 16TH, 17TH, 18TH, 19TH; 23RD, 24TH, 25TH, 26TH; 30TH. MAY 1ST, 2ND, 3RD; 7TH, 8TH, 9TH AND 10TH.

RESERVATIONS: 212·586·1260 : CURTAIN: 8 PM

·AN EQUITY APPROVED PILOT PROJECT·

Original Production Notes

STARSTRUCK originally was produced Off Off Broadway at the N.E.T.W.O.R.K. Theater (see previous page), and subsequently at the Park Royal Theater April 16–May 8, 1983.

The N.E.T.W.O.R.K. Theater production was Co-directed by Ken Bush and Martha Lee. Kathy K. Gerber was the Assistant Director, with Choreography by Martha Lee; Set by Michael W. Kaluta and Mark Di Quinzio; Costumes by Michael W. Kaluta; Music and Sound Effects by Dwight Dixon; and Lights by Mark Di Quinzio.

Cast

Neal Ashmun	Rah El Rex
Karen Bebb	Erotica Ann
Kathy K. Gerber	Sister Bronwyn of the Cosmic Veil
Laurie Gittleman	EEEEEEEEEluh
Ruth Henderson	Orga the Killer Cyborg
Elaine Lee	Captain Galatia 9
Norfleet Lee	Brucilla (The Muscle)
Sandra Spurney	Verloona
Paul Ratkevich	Phillipe Cesare Kalif Alexander Bajar
Paul Van Antwerp	The Great Disruptor* and The Voice of Norm
Joanne Joseph	The Great Mother*
Dale Place	Dwannyun of Griivarr, alias Zun the Warlord of Zentia, alias Grad the Illegible, alias Captain Chaos

*Character no longer in script.

The Park Royal Theater production was Directed by Elaine Lee, with Sets and Costumes by Michael Kaluta; Music and Sound Effects by Dwight Dixon; Lights by Adam Teichman and Earle Brokenshire; Video Segments by Bo Johnson; and Fight Choreography by Frank Lee.

The Actrons Were

Mary Lynn Hetsko ..... Brucilla the Muscle

Karen Bebb ..... Erotica Ann (An Android)

Vicki Juditz ..... Sister Bronwyn of the Cosmic Veil

Gerry Martin ..... Captain Galatia 9

Peter S. Feliz ..... The Voice of NORM

Georgia Harrell ..... Verloona

Paul Ratkevich ..... Phillipe Cesare Kalif Alexander Bajar

Suzanne Parke ..... Eeeeeeeeeluh

James Leach ..... Rah El Rex

Wyatt Baker ..... Orga the Killer Cyborg

Dale Place ..... Dwannyun of Griivarr, Alias Zun the Warlord of Zentia, Alias Grad the Illigible, Alias Captain Chaos

About the Authors

Elaine Lee *Starstruck* has been Elaine's passion and obsession for the last few years. She has worked with Michael Kaluta to produce the comic version of *Starstruck* for the adult fantasy magazine, *Heavy Metal*, as well as the Starstruck comic series for Marvel Comics. Her comic stories also have appeared in *Heavy Metal*, *Eclipse*, and *Epic Illustrated*.

Elaine is an actress, too, having received a 1980 Daytime Emmy nomination as best supporting actress (Mildred Trumble) on NBC's *The Doctors*. She is a founding member of Wild Hair, and a co-author of their productions *Brief Cases*, *The Contamination of the Kokomo Lounge*, and *Starstruck*, in which she also acted.

Susan Norfleet Lee An actress, writer, and musician, Susan also is a founding member of Wild Hair Productions, and co-authored three plays for their 1979–1980 season. For the last few years she has been working with the Radison Playhouse in Minneapolis and touring the Midwest with the Long Branch Country Music Show. She is a co-founder of New West Entertainment Group, a Minneapolis-based company currently producing musical reviews in Minnesota.

Dale Place Primarily an actor, Dale lives, works, and dreams in New York City, having emigrated from Cheboygan, Michigan via Cleveland, Ohio. *Starstruck* is his first literary attempt at anything intelligent, insane or otherwise.

Michael Kaluta (Drawings, Sets, and Costumes) Michael is a prominent fantasy illustrator whose work has been seen for many years in science-fiction magazines and books: *The Shadow*; Edgar Rice Burrough's *Carson of Venus*; and *The Swords of Shahrazar* by Robert E. Howard. Michael also has done covers for *Batman*, *House of Mystery*, *Detective Comics*, and *Time Warp*. The fantasy art collector's folio, The Studio, contains Michael's work along with that of three other well-known artists. *Starstruck* is Michael's first theatrical venture.

Characters

(In Order of Appearance)

EVIE
Galatia 9
Sister Bronwyn of the Cosmic Veil
Erotica Ann, An Android
Brucilla the Muscle
The Voice of NORM
Verloona TI
Rah El Rex
Kalif Bajar
Eeeeeeeeeluh
Dwannyun of Griivarr
Orga, the Killer Cyborg

(*Music up. House lights out. The bridge of the Harpy twinkles in the dark. Music out.* GALATIA 9 *appears on the Harpy's screens, or spotlight in the darkness.*)

EVIE (*Voice only.*): Captain's log. Unit 80, 156 Anarchera. Captain Galatia 9 of the freelance freedom fighter, Harpy.

GALATIA: A PRINCESS AND A PLEASURE DROID,
A SHIP TO CROSS THE STARRY VOID,
A KRYSTAL AND A CIVIL WAR,
AND PHONEBOOKS GET US THROUGH THE DOOR.

We are on the first leg of a mission having to do with the unexplained disappearance of Prime Minister Glorianna of Pheobus and the resultant Civil War on the planet Mitochondria. We were chosen for this mission by the United Federation of Female Freedom Fighters because the Harpy's Science Officer, Erotica Ann 333, is a dead ringer for the missing leader. We are to take Officer Ann to Mitochondria, posing as a cargo ship filled with phonebooks for the Pheobus System. The books, however, are a clever ruse. Once inside the Royal Palace, Officer Ann will be programmed with all the information she will need to stand in for the Prime Minister. On a personal note: This Krystal that hangs about my neck came from the mines of Mitochondria's Krystal-rich asteroid belt. It is all I have left me of the family that once made its home in the Pheobus System. Now . . . the fate of the System, and perhaps that of the Free Universe, rests in my hands. (*Takes a slug from her flask.*) I'm getting that old sinking feeling again.

(*Lights out*)

Act One

Scene 1

(Bronwyn is on the bridge of the Harpy. She is wearing a huge plastic helmet with blinking lights. It is making a humming noise. EROTICA ANN *and* BRUCILLA *enter.)*

EROTICA: (*Enters with a pile of phonebooks and puts them next to her console.*) the point is hardly arguable, brucilla. the fact is there were no androconians left in the borgon brigade after the tri-clone invasion.

BRUCILLA: I'm sorry but you're WRONG. I had a good friend who knew this guy who was a shipmate of the Communications Officer aboard a left-wing protector ship IN the Borgon Brigade . . . (*Turns on moving practice target.*) Case closed. (*Swishing sound. Lights. Bru takes aim.*)

EROTICA: i could pull my files on the subject, however, i'm quite certain my time could be spent on more important matters.

BRUCILLA: (*Misses target/buzzing sound.*) Like WHAT, Metal Mind? Readin' phonebooks?

EROTICA: it clears the residual carbon build-up from my error-sensing functions. you should try it.

BRUCILLA: I tried it . . . (*Highly amused with herself.*) It read like a phonebook! (*Takes aim.*)

EROTICA: it is a phonebook, brucilla.

BRUCILLA: Hey! Reach out and touch yourself! (*Shoots/misses/BUZZ!*)

EROTICA: your aim is low by point 2 mi-narons.

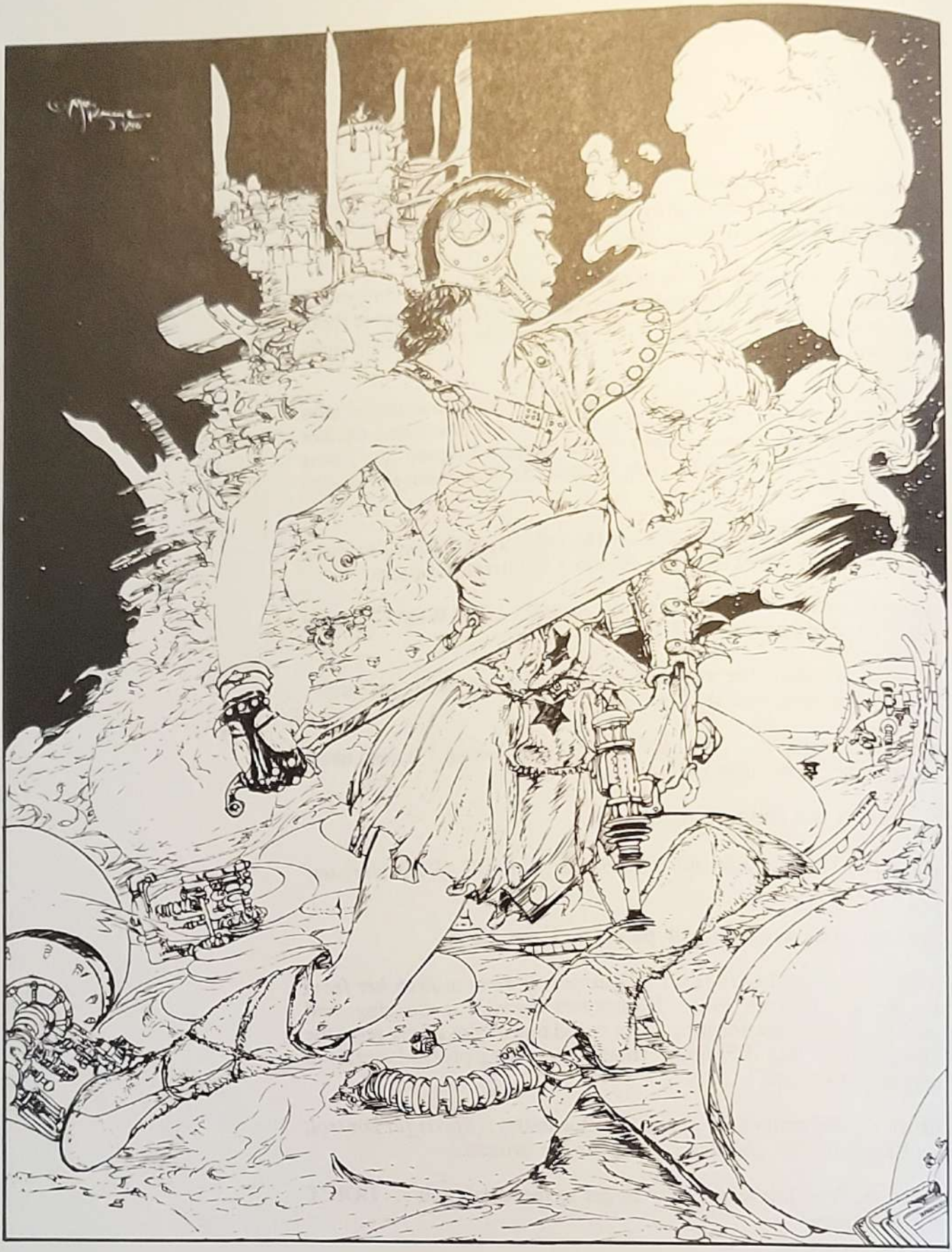
BRONWYN: (*Stepping in front of* BRU *just in time to keep her from lunging at* EROTICA ANN. BRONWYN'S *helmet is buzzing and smoking.*) I hate to interupt . . . but could one of you please reset the Atomo-Touch "Mind Fingers" thought-scanning probe? It seems to be malfunctioning.

EROTICA: affirmative. i'll get on it immediately. (*Starts for control, but* BRU *grabs her shoulder and spins her around.*)

BRUCILLA: You know just how to get to me, don't you . . . DON'T you, Neurotica?

BRONWYN: Brucilla?

BRUCILLA: SCRAM!



Brucilla

EROTICA: negative. (*Giggles*)

BRUCILLA: Arrrrgggghhhhhhh! (BRU *furiously pumps a rapid succession of beams into the target, causing it to dance about wildly. Bells ring.*) I needed that. Hey, gals? Wanna hear a great new joke? I'm talkin' FUNNY, what about it?

BRONWYN: Only if it's better than your last one.

BRUCILLA: What about you?

EROTICA: negative.

BRUCILLA: You'll LOVE it.

EROTICA: negative.

BRUCILLA: Okay, here goes . . . These two Mediconian ANDROIDS are sittin' at this enebriation dispensor unit, and they're gettin' pretty obfuscated, right? . . . They been there for . . . oh . . . I don't know . . . a couple'a MARBECS . . . anyway . . . you see . . . they're OUT of it. All of a sudden, one of the Medicones looks at the other one and says, "Hey! Have you seen my Tri-sone Injectable?" . . . Get this . . . ! "No," says the other Medicone, "but my Thia-line Drone just short-circuited!" (*Wild laughter*) . . . GET it?

(*FREEZE. Pinspot on* BRUCILLA. *Voiceover gives character description.*)

BRUCILLA THE MUSCLE. HOT HEADED AND IMPETUOUS. A STRAPPING LASS FROM EARTH. HER SOLUTION TO ANY PROBLEM IS: (BRUCILLA) "We'll blast 'em out of the sky!" BRUCILLA WAS A LIEUTENANT IN THE AMERCADIAN SPACE BRIGADE UNTIL SHE WAS STRIPPED OF RANK AND DRUMMED OUT FOR LEADING HER SQUADRON INTO THE OFF-LIMITS NEUTRAL ZONE 8, WHERE THEY WERE VAPORIZED BY VERCADIAN PROTECTOR ANDROIDS.

(*End freeze.*)

BRUCILLA: I just LOVE a good ANDROID joke, don't you, Neurotica?

EROTICA: negative.

BRUCILLA: Negative? NEGATIVE!?! You mean NO, don't you? Come on, Swivel Hips . . . say no if you mean no!

EROTICA: you asked me a question, brucilla, and i replied, negative.

BRUCILLA: NOTHIN' gets to you, does it? I can't even provoke a little healthy anger in you, can I? CAN I, Neurotica?

Erotica Ann

EROTICA: negative.

BRONWYN: (*Stepping in to break up discussion.*) I know a good joke! Wanna hear it?

EROTICA: no.

(*FREEZE*)

EROTICA ANN. BUILT ON SKRYTON COLONY AS A PLEASURE DROID. THE ONLY ONE OF HER LINE CAPABLE OF INDEPENDENT THOUGHT, SHE ESCAPED HER LIFE OF SLAVERY, FLED TO RECREATION STATION 97, AND GOT A JOB AS A COCKTAIL WAITRESS. AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, SHE WAS SOON TO SERVE A DOUBLE DEATH COMMANDO TO CAPTAIN GALATIA 9, WHO HELPED HER TO REPROGRAM HERSELF AND MADE HER SCIENCE OFFICER ABOARD THE HARPY. IRONICALLY, EROTICA'S BODY, BUILT FOR SEX, DID NOT CHANGE WITH THE NEW PROGRAMMING. (EROTICA) "the cellular organization of the aforementioned body is a monument to modern cybernetic engineering." SHE ANNOYS THE HELL OUT OF BRUCILLA.

BRUCILLA: You annoy the HELL outta me.

BRONWYN: That's okay, Bru . . . she just doesn't want to hear the joke . . . that's . . . oh-oh-oh-oh . . . bad vibes! (*She seems to be buffeted about by an unseen force.*) My acutely sensitive nervous system is picking up your negativity as a palpably pulsating series of massive magnetic shocks! The resultant anxiety could lead to permanent damage of my delicately balanced neuro-psychic network . . .

BRUCILLA: Skip the introduction, Sis . . . let's hear the joke.

BRONWYN: Okay, there were these two Comet Cloister Initiates . . . or was it four . . . ? No . . . it was two. Anyway, these three initiates and a March Baptist Priest were on their way to a New Cycle High Festival Fertility Rite . . . and the FIRST one says . . . or was it the Priest . . . no . . . the first one. The first one says to the littlest Neophyte, "Take my Krabian Slave Girl, PLEASE!" Hahahahahahahahahaha!

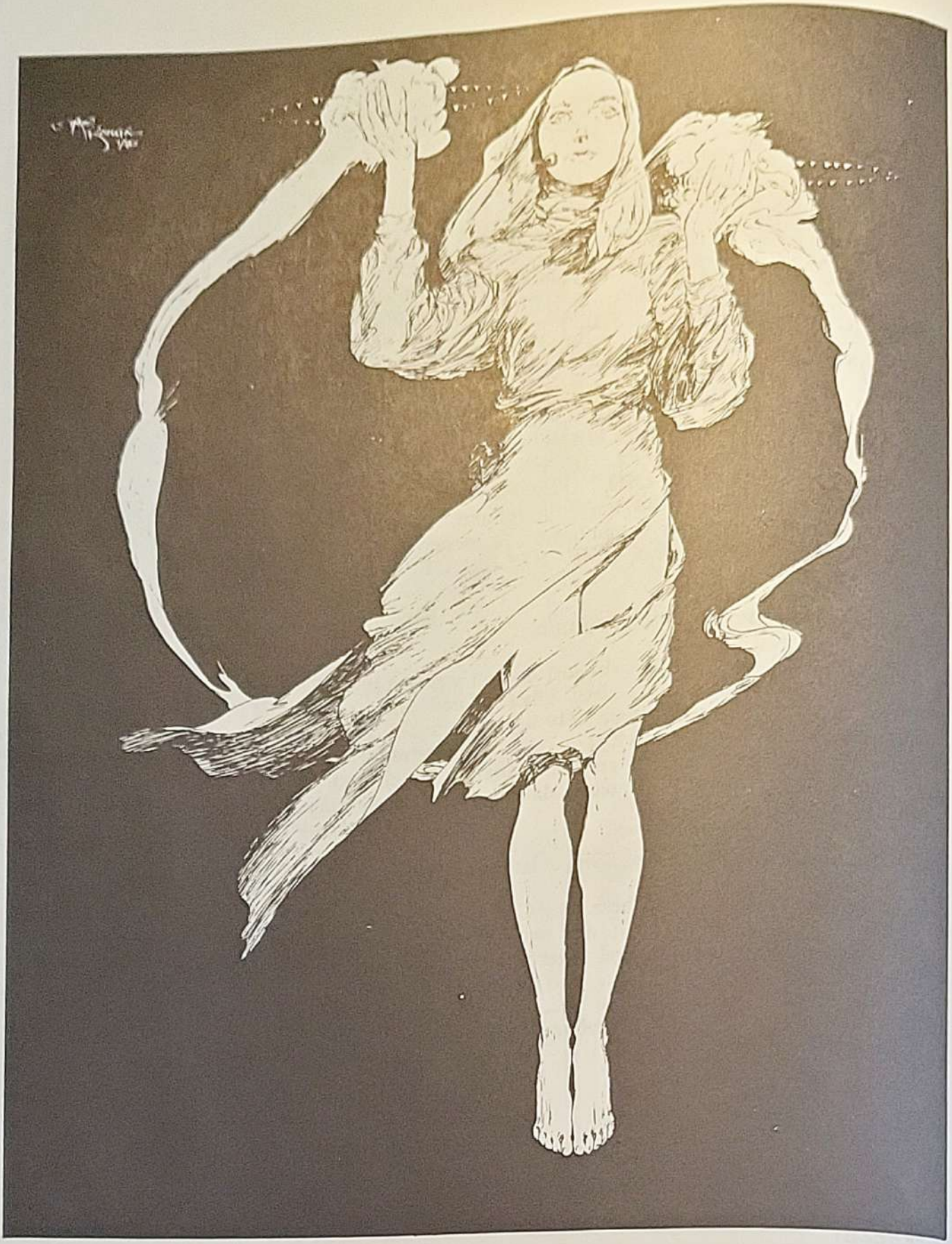
BRUCILLA: Hey, Sis?

BRONWYN: Huh?

BRUCILLA: Read my mind. (BRONWYN *flinches.*)

(*FREEZE*)

BRONWYN. RENEGADE SISTER OF THE COSMIC VEIL, CLOISTERED ORDER OF THE GODDESS UNCARING. SISTER BRONWYN BROKE HER VOWS . . . (BRONWYN) "May



Sister Bronwyn

the Great Mother ignore me!" . . . AND ANSWERED AN AD FOR COMMUNICATIONS AND INTUITIONAL DATA OFFICER ABOARD THE HARPY. HER TELEPATHIC POWERS MADE HER A CINCH FOR THE JOB, BUT SHE TENDS TO TRACE OUT AT INOPPORTUNE TIMES, PICK UP MESSAGES OF LITTLE OR NO IMPORTANCE, OR BE BOUNCED ABOUT BY PSYCHIC VIBRATIONS.

BRONWYN: (*In a weird, evil voice.*) "Cookies . . . all the cookies you want . . . " Huh?!! Now that IS weird! (*She is hit by energy, real this time.*) GEE WHIZ! . . . Something definitely in the area. A ship? You got a handle on that interference, Annie?

EROTICA: nothing definite, but . . . correction . . . i'm picking up something, but it doesn't read like a ship, at least not any ship known to me. i'll check the logs.

BRUCILLA: Better call the Cap! EVIE! Call the Cap! And make it an alert . . . no . . . no! Standby! Standby alert!

EVIE: Sure thing, Bru. Captain to Bridge! Standby Alert! (*Sirens. Flashing red lights.*)

BRUCILLA: Got a fix on that thing, Bronwyn?

BRONWYN: Sector 5, Angle: port 140, velocity pre-warp YOW!!! (*She is thrown to the deck.*)

EROTICA: Bronwyn, are you all right?

BRUCILLA: Aww, she's just pickin' up some more static. I swear, Sis, you draw that stuff like a magnetron.

BRONWYN: Ohh . . . my Alpha Waves . . .

GALATIA: (*Entering*) Break it up, Bozos! Now give it to me straight . . . which one of you hotdogs hit the emergency gravity while I was napping in freefall?

BRUCILLA: Yo, Cap!

EROTICA: greetings, chief.

BRUCILLA: Sorry about that, Cap.

GALATIA: So what's the story?

(*FREEZE*)

GALATIA 9, SHIP'S CAPTAIN. ESCAPED FROM A PENAL COLONY ON OMEGA 6 WHERE SHE WAS SENT FOR WRITING FEMINIST NURSERY RHYMES IN THE XYCHROMO ZONE. (GALATIA) "Georgie porgie, pudding and pie, kissed the girls and made them cry. We hit him with a Quasar Ray. Georgie Porgie blew away." WHILE ON OMEGA 6, SHE

Galatia 9

JOINED A TRIBE OF AMAZONS RATHER THAN BECOMING THE SEX TOY OF A PACK OF LYCONIAN DROMO RUSTLERS. THIS IS WHY SHE IS MISSING HER RIGHT BREAST.

BRONWYN: We're locked onto an amorphous blob, Captain.

EROTICA: anyone for a little visual?

GALATIA: Pop it up, Annie.

EROTICA: turning on.

GALATIA: Holy Helix!

BRUCILLA: Jumpin' Gyros!

BRONWYN: Great Mother!

EROTICA: the electro-neural connections in my brain banks are almost overwhelmed by the magnitude of this as-yet unidentified amorphous life form.

BRUCILLA: Sure is a big sucker!

EROTICA: affirmative.

BRUCILLA: What the heck is it?

GALATIA: Looks like a blob.

BRU/ERO: Looks like.

GALATIA: What do you read on it, Sis?

BRONWYN: Too much, Cap! It's almost off my scale! Organic. Incredible! It's emitting sono-projections like crazy!

GALATIA: Bru! Let's whip around the other side and see if we can get a better idea what the heck the damn thing is!

BRUCILLA: Right on, Cap! That's JUST the order I been waitin' for!

EROTICA: i am obliged to point out that our chances of being detected become 2,349,823.07 times greater if we move more than 6 bi-darons away from our present relationship to said blob. readings on the electro-magnetic field surrounding the life form show us situated directly in its blind spot. in other words, captain: your order is not such a hot idea.

GALATIA: Still, would we be by caution chained?
Nothing ventured, nothing gained!

BRUCILLA: That's the way to tell her, Cap!

GALATIA: Change course. Skim around to what we'll call its starboard side, just beyond that gelatinous pink carbuncle. Stay . . . oh about 18 sparlons above its surface. When you get to a position of 2 degrees bellyside, drop back to cruise 3.27 and we'll just tag along with her awhile.

BRUCILLA: AW-RIGHT!!!

BRONWYN: Captain. Permission to try trance-state info-scan. Perhaps I can pick up something our instruments are overloooo . . . ARGGGHHHH! . . . Whoa! Got zapped by this . . . WHAT!?! . . . OHHHHHHHHHHHH . . . (BRONWYN's *body is put through strange contortions, while many voices seem to be pouring from her mouth.*)

BRUCILLA: Cripes, Cap! Somethin's got Sis! (*Shakes* BRONWYN.) LET GO A SIS, YOU . . . YOU . . .

(BRU *and the others are suddenly hit with the tremendous energy* BRONWYN *is transmitting. The effect is that of having to strain against very high gravity.*)

EROTICA: hold it, bru, let's hear it out.

BRONWYN: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. . . . .

BRUCILLA: Not on your life, you hunk-a-junk-n-circuits!

GALATIA: She's right, Bru! We gotta see what this thing is!

BRONWYN: OHHHHHH . . . ! (*Looks like she's enjoying it.*) Ohhh . . . it's good . . . OHHH . . . nice . . . OHHHHHHH . . . WE ARE WE ARE . . . I PROMISE TO DO MY DUTY . . . TO BE . . . OHH . . . TO OHHHHBEY THE . . . OHHHHHHH . . .

GALATIA: Brucilla!

BRUCILLA: Scanner shows solid matter carbon unit composed of collagen, amino acids, protoplasm, wheat flour, lecithin, synthetic chocolate, RNA, DNA, Red Dye number . . . HUMAN CELLS!!!

BRONWYN: OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH . . . . . .

EROTICA: life reading ambiguous, cap. not just one being, yet it is . . . more than one . . . many in one.

BRUCILLA: This is MY report, Chrome Dome! Can the chat or I'll . . .

GALATIA: Cut the crap! Bronwyn!!!

BRONWYN: OHHHHH . . . "Looks like a mint, tastes like a . . ." MMMMMMMMM . . . good . . . MMMMMM . . . good . . . BE . . . OH . . . PREPARED!

GALATIA: Annie! Up shields and scanners out! Brucilla! Maintain parallel course, full defense status!

BRONWYN: OHHH . . . "PEANUT BUTTER, MINT, AND VANILLA CREAM!" . . . they're so good . . . so nice . . . "SUGAR COATED ON THE OUTSIDE" . . . but inside EVIL . . . "WE'RE MELTING!" . . . inside EVIL! EVIL! EVIL! (BRONWYN *is choking the* CAP.)

BRUCILLA: (*Pulling* SIS *off* GALATIA.) Wake up, Sis! It's gonna be okay!

BRONWYN: Mother Omit Me!

GALATIA: What you got for us, Sis?

BRONWYN: It's ghastly! It's monstrous!

BRUCILLA: WHAT'S monstrous!?!

BRONWYN: I don't know if I can bring myself to say it.

EROTICA: bring yourself to say it.

BRONWYN: It's the BLOB!!!

GALATIA: Yeah, Sis, what about the blob?

BRONWYN: I know what it is!

BRUCILLA: Are you gonna spill the beans or what?

BRONWYN: It's a ship . . . a ship . . . but . . .

GALATIA: I am going to count to three . . .

BRONWYN: It's a LIVING ship! Made from the living flesh of MILLIONS of Galactic Girl Guides!

BRUCILLA: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!

GALATIA: What diabolical mind could have created this blasphemy?

BRUCILLA: No!!!

GALATIA: Easy, Bru.

BRUCILLA: Not the Girl Guides! What has this universe come to?!!

BRONWYN: Why's she so . . . ?

BRUCILLA: WHY?! WHY?!!! I'll tell you why! Because I was a GALACTIC GIRL GUIDE! THAT'S why! I'm gonna make 'em pay for this, by golly! You WAIT!

Verloona

Erotica: captain. i'm picking up a very erratic blip, buzzing gnat-like around what seems to be an entrance lock of said blasphemy. final report: another ship. life reading: one humanoid/male gender.

Galatia: THE SHIP: A blasphemous breathing jail.
THE BLIP: Erratic, gender male.

Brucilla: Holy Shit!

(*Lights out. Scene 2 music up.*)

Scene 2

(*The Siren 3, Throne Room.*)

Norm: Attention! Attention! Look alive, fellows! Verloona wants a meeting of all personnel in the throne room, pronto! On the double! You know how she hates to be kept waiting. (*Bloody cream. Lights up on Verloona.* Rah El *and* Kalif *dive into bowing positions in front of her.*)

Verloona: Not bad, boys.

Rah El: Not bad? We cut a good three ribecs off the last . . .

Verloona: Put a lid on it, Rah El. I have an important announcement to make.

Kalif: Are you going to let us in on the plan, O Divine One?

Rah El: Well, Bajar, aren't we the impatient one?

Kalif: Oh, go suck an Orthite Egg.

Rah El: You wish!

Verloona: Halt.

Rah El: Begging pardons, Great One . . . what exactly IS your plan?

Verloona: It's so beautifully simple, it's hardly a plan at all.

Kalif: Perfect. A simple plan for a simple mind. Think you can grasp it?

Rah El: Listen you greasy grandson of a Dolbian Dromedary, grasping is one thing I have no trouble with. (*They laugh.*)

Verloona: Boys?

Rah/Kal: What?

Verloona: Would you like to hear the plan or shall I have Orga show you to the door?

KALIF: Orga?

RAH EL: The door?

VERLOONA: And watch the first step . . .

NORM: . . . it's a LULU!

RAH EL: You were saying about the plan, Sweetness?

KALIF: Delight us with the details, O Most Scintillating.

RAH EL: Pretty please?

VERLOONA: Better, boys. The plan is THIS . . .

(*FREEZE*)

VERLOONA TI . . , THE SILKEN ENIGMA, SAILS THROUGH SPACE IN HER PLEASURE SHIP, THE SIREN 3. LIKE THE DEADLY NAXARDIAN SIDEWINDER, SHE SEDUCES AND KILLS. VERLOONA IS HEADED FOR THE MINES ON LORINDIXIS 7 TO TRADE KRABIAN SLAVE GIRLS FOR BORINYUM KRYSTALS. LITTLE DO THE MINERS KNOW THAT, ALTHOUGH THEY LIVE TO MATE, KRABIAN SLAVE GIRLS ONLY MATE ONCE, THEN THEY IMMEDIATELY LAY EGGS AND DIE.

VERLOONA: So that's the plan. (*Laughs*) TOUGH LUCK YOU DUSTY LITTLE HUNCH-BACKED BASTARDS! SERVES YOU RIGHT!

RAH EL: I love it!

VERLOONA: Of course you do.

KALIF: Of course he does.

VERLOONA: And you, Kalif, what do you think of my plan?

KALIF: Well, I'd have to say, after careful consideration, that this plan probably ranks among your top three most foul, most despicable, most depraved, deplorable, and disgusting, not to mention UNFORGIVABLE plans on record to this date . . . that I know of. Did that answer your question, O Ivory Column of Calumny?

VERLOONA: I think that about covers it. Thanks.

KALIF: Don't mention it.

RAH EL: Boring, Kalif, really boring.

KALIF: Why don't you go polish your hair or something?

RAH EL: Push, push, push! Boring, you are really pushing me! I am

Rah El Rex

tired of it! Sick and TI-EYE-EYE . . . (*Starts to choke. Quickly snaps out of it.*) Verloona, I can keep silent no longer. I feel that if I keep my feelings bottled up for another ribec, I will simply explode!

VERLOONA: What are you babbling about?

RAH EL: Kalif! It's Kalif! He makes my life sheer hell! Always pushing, always demanding! He leans on me! Lean, lean, LEAN! I have tried to be nice, I have tried to be considerate, but DAMNIT! I get no consideration or cooperation around here WHAT-SO-EVER!!! I am giving my ultimatum. It's either him or me! (RAH EL *produces a ray gun and a switch-blade.*)

VERLOONA: (*Pause*) Will you be leaving immediately or are you staying for supper?

RAH EL: (*The gun and knife are really a blow dryer and comb.* RAH EL *styles his hair.*) Just a little joke, Virulent Leader.

(*FREEZE*)

RAH EL REX. ONCE A MILD-MANNERED ANTIQUE DEALER, ROLAND REX, HE WAS EXPOSED TO DANGEROUS X-RAYS BY A PIECE OF LATE 20TH CENTURY DENTAL EQUIPMENT AND BECAME (RAH EL) "Rah El Rex, Art Collector Extraordinaire, Appointed/Annointed by the Great Disruptor to bring the Universe to Total Chaos!" HE HAS JOINED UP WITH VERLOONA OUT OF BOREDOM.

KALIF: Hey, Rex? If you're leaving, can I keep your outfit to wear to Braxis 5's annual costume party?

RAH EL: You see? You see? He did it again!

VERLOONA: Climb down, Kalif.

KALIF: But Your Evilness . . . I've never meant any harm to Rah El. Why, I love him as I would a Brother. I would never even think of causing him any pain or anguish. If I thought for a martron that Rah El had taken this playful jesting as some sort of deliberate harassment on my part . . . I would just die.

RAH EL: Will that be burial at void or cremation?

KALIF: You see? We play like this all the time. (*To* RAH EL) Don't we, Luvums?

VERLOONA: You both disgust me. Out of my sight or be roasted over a critical mass.

KALIF: (*Whispering as they move away.*) Listen you detestable little half-wit! Squeal to Verloona again and I'll have your hair tweezed out one laquered follicle at a time. UNDERSTAND?!

(FREEZE)

KALIF BAJAR, SINISTER SON OF THE BARON RODERIGO BAJAR AND GREAT-GRANDSON OF THE DEPOSED DREAD DICTATOR. HE HAS JOINED FORCES WITH VERLOONA IN THE HOPE THAT HE CAN REGAIN HIS BIRTHRIGHT AS THE (KALIF) "Great Dread and Most Benevolent Dictator of the Universe!!!" KALIF WILL DO IT WITH ANYTHING. HE ESPECIALLY LIKES KRABIAN SLAVES AND SAYS: "I never could make a commitment."

RAH EL: You're so sick.

EEELUH: Warning! Eeeeeeeeeluh feeeels theee . . . uh-oh . . . NO! Nooooo alert.

KALIF: Our little finned friend seems to sense something.

EEELUH: No-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o, Your Eminent EEEvilness . . . all feels fami-e-e-e-eliar . . . no worryeeeee.

RAH EL: Somebody puh-leeze put a lid on that tedious tadpole!

KALIF: Better clam it, Salmon Cakes, you could end up as brunch.

EEELUH: O-o-o-o-o-okeeeee-dokeee, Kalif, thou handsome devil.

(FREEZE)

EEEEEEEEELUH, AN AGUATUNESIAN EMPATH AND FORMER CREW MEMBER OF THE HARPY, BEING HELD CAPTIVE ABOARD THE SIREN 3. EEELUH SERVES AS A LIVING ALARM SYSTEM, CONNECTED TO THE SHIP THROUGH THE FLUID IN HER TANK, INTO WHICH BLUKWODONNA, "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," AN APHRODISIAL DRUG, IS PERIODICALLY PUMPED.

EEELUH: Kalif i-eeeees EEEEEEEEEluh's friend . . . (*Sudden change*) . . . FRIEND . . . Myeeeeeee FRIENDS . . . Myeeee . . .

RAH EL: Kill it. Kalif, she isn't talking to you.

EEELUH: I feel DANGER!

RAH EL: What danger, Scales-for-Skin!!!

EEELUH: Oh-o-o-o-o-o-o . . . ! (*Snaps out of it.*) No-o-o-o-o-o danger, Rahhhhhhhh Eeeeeeeeel . . . FRIEND . . . Kali-eeeeeeeeef is Eeeeeeeeeluh's friend.

RAH EL: God! I'm dying of boredom.

VERLOONA: NORM!

NORM: Yes, Chieftess?

Kalif Bajar

VERLOONA: This half-baked flounder is a mite undercooked.

RAH EL: Oh boy!

VERLOONA: Turn up the DRUG level in Ecccccccccluh's tank.

KALIF: Hot Scrod!

RAH EL: Let me! Let me! (VERLOONA *nods.* REX *rushes to tank.*)

VERLOONA: And Norm . . .

EEELUH: Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-hhh . . .

VERLOONA: . . . do a quick scan. Check out any unconfirmed presence in our sector.

NORM: At once, Most Lithe and Corrupt.

KALIF: What gives?

RAH EL: Back off, Boring, you bother Verloona!

KALIF: Will you zip lip, spittle mind!

VERLOONA: QUIET!!! Break off this brainless banter. Verloona does not bend to bandy words with Bozos.

EEELUH: Kalieeee-e-e-eeef . . . . . !

VERLOONA: It occurred to us in a flash of genius that our gilled-gal warning system might be on the fritz.

KALIF: The subtle mind never sleeps. (*Makes his way to tank.*)

RAH EL: Well, if she is on the fritz, it's probably due to that libidinous lizard!

NORM: Verloona?

VERLOONA: Back off, Kalif. He may be right. SHOOT NORM!

NORM: Bang! Bang!

VERLOONA: NORM!

NORM: (*As a Southern test pilot.*) That's a big 10/4 on the disturbance scan, O Breath of Destruction. Small, curious skimmer-ship nosing around our immediate area. Nothing serious. Most likely a private yacht.

VERLOONA: Check it out with the Thermodite Penetrator.

NORM: No sooner said than . . . oops! Silly me . . . How could I have missed that? There's a second ship, buzzing gnat-like around the section 82 lock.

Eeeeeeeeeluh

VERLOONA: WHAT!!!

NORM: No need to fear, Malefactress . . . a tiny stellercopter, now imprisoned below decks.

VERLOONA: Quick work and quick thinking, Norm.

KALIF: Checks out, Light of Loathing, one humanoid, male gender . . . in the isolation tube.

RAH EL: Request permission to escort him into your presence, Chieftess.

VERLOONA: Check him out thoroughly, Rex.

RAH EL: Need you ask? (*Exist. Swooshing noise.*)

VERLOONA: NORM! As soon as we deal with the intruder, I'll want that report.

NORM: Yes, Verloona, Numera Una!

(*SWOOSH! Enter* RAH EL.)

VERLOONA: Well?

RAH EL: Your infamy is renowned throughout the galaxies, O Greatest of the Greedy! There is one at hand who has heard of you and seeks admission to our cause. He has come prepared with a demonstration of his talents.

VERLOONA: Has he indeed?

KALIF: A waste of time, White Chested.

VERLOONA: How would you describe our guest, Rah El?

RAH EL: Tall of stature and weak of mind.

VERLOONA: In other words . . .

RAH EL: . . . useful.

VERLOONA: Let him in.

NORM: (*Nightclub-style search lights.*) LIVE FROM THE RAM-SCOOP LOUNGE, IT'S THAT MADCAP MASTER OF MEN-ACE, ZUN THE WARLORD OF ZENTIA!

DWANNYUN: (*Enters wearing a huge Dr. Doom-type bad guy outfit.*) Oh . . . uh . . . just take a ribec? (*Disappears and returns with a small tape recorder and mike.*) . . . Almost . . . ? (*Starts recorder; it doesn't work; hits it.*) Oh . . . gee . . . (*Music starts to work, he rewinds, taps mike.*) Testing 1-2-3 . . . testing . . . hello, hello, hello . . . okay! (*Strikes a dramatic pose.*)

Dwanyunn of Griivarr

(FREEZE)

DWANNYUN OF GRIIVARR, ALIAS ZUN THE WARLORD OF ZENTIA, ALIAS GRAD THE ILLEGIBLE, ALIAS CAPTAIN CHAOS. ONCE A NOBLE PRINCE DEDICATED TO TRUTH AND BEAUTY, HE STRUGGLED TO BRING ORDER TO THE UNIVERSE. ALAS, ANOTHER VICTIM OF ENTROPY, HE STRUGGLED IN VAIN. THREE OF HIS SHIPS WERE BLASTED TO KINGDOM COME, HIS HOME PLANET WAS DESTROYED, HIS FRIENDS BEGAN TO SHUN HIM LIKE THE PLAGUE. (DWANNYUN) "I was a wipe-out as a good guy." THEN HE READ *PSYCHMAGNATOMICS*, LEARNED ABOUT THE REBOUNDIVE MIND, WHERE WE STORE OUR FEAR AND ANXIETY, AND DISCOVERED HIS INNER BAD GUY WANTED OUT.

DWANNYUN: YOU SUCK WIND!!! All of you do. This is not an uncommon malady, rather WIDESPREAD, in fact. Oh, I suppose I must allow there's a niggling minority negotiable as the nickle-dime chemicals composing his, her, or its flesh! There must be SOME-ONE in the universe above my contempt but I SERIOUSLY DOUBT IT! Even NOW, as you prompt your gross bulks to overcome inertia and rise to a semblance of CHALLENGE! . . . Mediocrity mucks your fear-muddled minds and you sink ONCE AGAIN into cushioned morass. "HOLD ON A MARTRON!" You may be thinking (a seldom-exercised option) "Who," you say with righteous indignation, "Are YOU to call ME cretin? I say YOU'RE the cretin!" But, no, my hopeless friends, or rather, NOT my friends . . . no offense, please . . . you're WRONG AGAIN! Had you taken the time to pull your apex from your anus, you would know this. You see, I am the Ruler of the Cevagram, the PROOF POSITIVE, Holder of the trump card! I am in the center and can see all sides! I am the last practitioner of the lost art of knowing CRAP from Krystals. And I bask, alone and only, in the sublime security this comfortable knowledge brings. I also have THE LASER DEVASTATOR! While YOU, you indolent, insipid id-pickers, have the insight of an Yxardian COW-PIE! Which is to say, "NADA!" (*Pause*) Well . . . uh . . . whadya think?

VERLOONA: What the hell was that?

NORM: (*As Rex Reed*) A futile exercise in artistic auto-eroticism.

RAH EL: Excitement! Excitement at last! He's terrific!

EEELUH: Ohhh . . . nooooo . . .

RAH EL: I think we should discuss this . . .

KALIF: This Zun is a Zonite, Enchantress . . . unworthy of your consideration.

RAH EL: You're just jealous because you're so bor . . .

KALIF: DON'T make me have a trimodulator breakdown!

VERLOONA: Cut! Mister—whoever you are—what was his name?

DWANNYUN: . . . uh . . . Dwannyun of Griivarr . . .

VERLOONA: WHAT?

DWANNYUN: DWANNYUN OF GRIIVARR! THE BIG D-little of-G!!!

VERLOONA: Give us a break.

DWANNYUN: . . . sorry . . .

RAH EL: Honorless One, I confess to being intrigued. Give him another chance . . . pretty please?

KALIF: Nix! This guy makes me crazy.

VERLOONA: Griivarr, yours seems to be a solo act. It leaves us out. This does not please us. It is, however, a twisted solo act, which does give us some degree of pleasure. I like pleasure. We must decide what to do with you.

DWANNYUN: Oh . . . okay . . . I guess I'll just hang around, then?

KALIF: You bet your asteroid you'll hang.

VERLOONA: Kalif, cool your jets. (*To* DWANNYUN) Griivarr . . . advice . . . Don't call us, we'll be in touch with your agent.

DWANNYUN: Oh . . . well . . . thanks. I guess I'll see you . . .

VERLOONA: RAH EL!

RAH EL: Excitement! You will follow me, won't you?

DWANNYUN: Is he going to keep his hands to himself? (*Exit*)

NORM: Verloona? I have the results of the thermodite penetration.

VERLOONA: Shoot, Norm.

NORM: Small skimmer-ship tagging along with us about 18 sparlons off our starboard side. Seems it's been customized, equipped for fighting. Most likely a mercenary.

VERLOONA: (*To* EEELUH) So, you were holding out on us, Pretty Fishes? (*Turns up drug level.*)

KALIF: Looks like our simple salmon is way downstream without a paddle.

EEELUH: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh . . . . .

NORM: VERLOONA?

VERLOONA: YES!

NORM: (*Very quickly*) Identify info report on small skimmer-ship as follows: Series 48 Skim-Blaster, line: STARBURST, privately owned freelance fighter, serial number 57349573529, name: (*Fearful breath*) THE HARPY!

EEELUH: Ohhhhhhhhh . . . nooooooooo . . . . .

VERLOONA: The Harpy . . . the Harpy . . . that name . . . (VERLOONA *stops cold. Her face begins to twitch.*) ArrrrrrrrrGhhhhhhhhh!!!

KALIF: Most Silken and Shrill?!

VERLOONA: THE HARPY!!! (*Rages around the ship.*) THE HARPY! In the area all this time and no one BOTHERED to mention . . . (*Stops*) Eeeeeeeeeluh? Why did you neglect to mention this to us?

EEELUH: EEEEEEEEEluh dost no compreeeeeeeeehend . . . ?

KALIF: If I might suggest, Celestial Conqueress, the drug level could be raised ever so slightly . . . ?

VERLOONA: Yes. Good. (*As he turns up drug.*) And as you know, Lovely Limpet, what goes up . . .

EEELUH: Uhhhhhhhhhh . . .

VERLOONA: . . . must eventually come down. Now! TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON BEFORE I BRING THE LEVEL DOWN SO FAST YOUR SCALES WILL CURL!!!

KALIF: Cold turkey.

VERLOONA: By 0600 you'll be floating at the top of that tank!

EEELUH: Myeeeeeee friends . . . myeeeeeeeee ohhhhhhhhhh . . .

VERLOONA: Your friends! Tell me, the Captain? There was one . . . at one time . . . Is the Captain of the Harpy one who calls herself GALATIA 9?

EEELUH: Yesssssssssss . . . . . .

VERLOONA: ARRRRRRRRGHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! (*She rages around the ship, clawing and spitting, finally falls upon her throne, exhausted.*) . . . Kalif . . . Kalif . . . ask that soon-to-be-canned sardine about the rest of the crew . . .

KALIF: You have heard the word of your Mistress!

EEELUH: Myeeee friends . . . myeeeee . . .

KALIF: (*Turns down level.*) Speak, Bubble Brain, quickly! The officers of the Harpy!

EEELUH: Science Officerrr, E. Ann, statistics and Maaaintenance . . .

KALIF: (*Aside*) . . . E . . . E . . . Ann? (*He shakes visibly.*)

EEELUH: Officer Brucilla, known as theee Muscle . . . munitions expert . . . milieeeectary strategy . . . Ooooficer Bronwyn of theeee Veil, communicaaations and intuitional daaata . . .

VERLOONA: Kalif . . . what did she . . . Bronwyn of the . . . what?

KALIF: Of the Veil, O Malevolent One.

VERLOONA: Of the Veil? (*Totally recovered*) Of the Veil . . . the sisters . . . Psychic, am I right? Never mind, of course I am. A plan is perking in my mind!

KALIF: Would you consider enlightening your most faithful servant, O Most Cunning and Corrupt?

VERLOONA: Even as you babble, the gears are in motion. My mind is whirring . . . genius . . . genius . . . prepare to hear my plan and be humbled! Psychic . . . psychic . . . TELEPATHIC! Imagine, if you will, having the power to see what lurks behind an enemy's eyes, the truth trembling in the lies of an adversary, the traitorous thoughts behind the smooth-tongued flattery of a trusted ally. (KALIF *flinches.*) NORM!

NORM: Right here!

VERLOONA: Establish contact with the Har . . . Har . . . Har . . .

NORM: Harpy?

VERLOONA: Yes.

NORM: Certainment.

VERLOONA: (*Notices* EEELUH *is hanging limp and jerking at the top of the tank.*) Kalif! Give her just enough of that drug to keep the life in her slimy body!

KALIF: (*To* EEELUH) It seems to be your lucky day.

VERLOONA: Bait . . . Bait . . . use a fish to catch a fish. NORM! OPEN ALL CHANNELS! (*Lights out. We hear* VERLOONA*'s voice in the darkness during the scene change.*) LISTEN IN AWE TO THE WORDS OF VERLOONA, CAPTAIN GALATIA 9! YOU'VE WANDERED INTO THE WRONG PLAYGROUND! ALL THE TOYS ARE MINE . . . . . and we don't like to share our toys. (*Laughter*)

(*Sirens. As the scene changes we hear the sounds of the Harpy.*)

BRUCILLA: We're hit!

BRONWYN: Eeeeeeeeeluh!

BRUCILLA: Oh Mother Oh Mother Oh Mother . . .

GALATIA: Verloona!

EROTICA: we're locked in a tractor field, captain. (*BLAM!*)

Scene 3

BRUCILLA: (*Leaping from her post.*) Okay! We'll slave the laser beam to the communications masar and blow a hole through that thing the size of Minnesota!

EROTICA: the field analyzer tells me that the energy shields englobing the ship will simply absorb our laser beam, spreading it across its surface and radiating it into space. besides, if we fire a laser, the tractor field holding us would suck the energy out of the harpy like air out of a breached bulkhead.

BRUCILLA: Okay. No problem. We'll just drill the sucker with torpedoes!

EROTICA: torpedoes would explode on impact with the force shields.

BRUCILLA: Shit! Okay . . . okay . . . okay. We'll pepper the area with random pattern torpedoes, BIFF! BAP! BAMM!!! . . . as fast as we can fire 'em until their combined exploding energy forces the shield up the rainbow. We'll get that sucker white hot and when it fails, the soft underbelly on that thing will be exposed and we'll gut it with a Mark 7 Dreadnaught Planet Splitter, and leave a trail of entrails from here to the Byzon Galaxy!

EROTICA: yes. that would work.

BRUCILLA: AW-RIGHT!

EROTICA: but while those force shields are climbing the spectrum in an impressive array of coruscating pyrotechnics, the harpy, being cheek to jowl with the aforementioned monstrosity, would become an even more impressive geyser of singed photons, spurting into the ether with all the nobility of a solar flare.

BRUCILLA: Aaaaaaarrrrrrrggghhhhhhhhhh1

BRONWYN: Bru! Eeeeeeeeeluh's on that thing!

BRUCILLA: Shit.

GALATIA: (*Entering*) Well, friends, I guess you're all wondering what's going on here.

BRUCILLA: Well, Cap . . . I told 'em to hold their horses . . . to be patient . . . I told 'em you'd tell everybody when you were . . .

GALATIA: Right.

BRUCILLA: Right.

GALATIA: (*Walks over to* ANNIE*'s controls, turns a few knobs, etc.*) Just as I suspected. The tractor field is being projected through that carnivorous craft's force shields, creating a geodesic matrix at the point of intersection. The tractor ray projects through that matrix as a system of triangular beams. All I need . . . I need a volunteer from the Harpy. (BRONWYN *hides.* BRU *jumps front and salutes.*) This is a very important mission, so listen good to what I have to say before you make the big decision. It concerns, as I'm sure you all know, the amorphous blob we picked up on the scanner. The one made of Galactic Girl Guides.

BRUCILLA: Arrrrrrgggghhhhh!

GALATIA: Ahhh, yes . . . millions of Galactic Girl guides . . . held prisoner in that too, too solid flesh heap. It is our job . . . No . . . Our DUTY to free them. I need a volunteer to suit up and with an energeociter ray analyzer in hand, crawl down to that abomination made, of course, of the Girl Guides, through one of the matrixed beams. Once inside the force shield, she can scope out a likely entrance hatch, infiltrate the ship, free EEEEEEEELUH, plant a few thermite englobement bombs, and get the hell back here. When the bombs go off, we'll be bounced about a bit, but with our titanium alloy hull and the help of the Great Mother, we should get through this thing with a few cracked vertebrae and a whalloping headache. NOW! Does everyone understand the danger involved? (*To* SIS) Bronwyn. (BRONWYN *has been trying to sneak away. The* CAP *slaps a hand on her shoulder.* BRONWYN *spins around wide-eyed, goes rigid, and faints.* BRU *dives behind her, tips her up on her feet, dashes in front of her, and salutes the* CAP.) No . . . I don't think you're right for this assignment. We need your services too much here. It's good to know you're willing, though . . . you're a trooper, Sis. (BRU *is frantically waving her hand.*)

EROTICA: captain, if I may?

GALATIA: Certainly.

EROTICA: what form of disguise did you have in mind?

GALATIA: Good question, Ann. I will answer it by saying this: I have access to certain information concerning this . . . (*Starts to twitch*) Ver . . . Ver . . . Ver . . .

BRONWYN: Verloona?

GALATIA: . . . which is as follows: Verloona never does anything for herself. In other words, she has lots of servants . . . Krabian Slaves to be exact. More to the point . . . whoever goes on this mission will disguise herself as a Krabian Slave and infiltrate. This is not going to be pretty I can assure you. (BRU *is trying her damndest to look like a Krabian Slave.*) Once detected, the chosen person will be

subjected to constant harassment by Verloona and must be capable of keeping a cool head at all times. (BRU *is waving wildly.*) Diplomacy and control are the keys. (BRU *stops waving.*)

EROTICA: captain. erotica ann volunteering for duty. it is, after all, the only logical choice.

GALATIA: Quite right. (*Moves away from the others. Motions for* ANNIE *to follow.*) Shake circuits, Ann.

EROTICA: what is it, captain?

GALATIA: Well, Kid, you're an android.

EROTICA: yes, captain.

GALATIA: Androids are notoriously bad liars, hence . . . they tend to make rotton spies. No . . . whoever goes on this mission must be crafty . . . they must be cunning . . . they must be capable of pulling the wool over the most deceitful eyes in the galaxy. That is why I've decided to go myself.

BRONWYN: Ha! . . . oh . . . uh . . . Captain, not to . . . I mean . . . well . . . Krabians are known mainly for their . . . What I mean is . . . Krabians are BRED for . . . What I'm trying to say is . . . Krabians are . . .

EROTICA: built.

BRONWYN: Built.

EROTICA: captain. i am obliged to point out that certain of your physical idiosyncracies such as (A) missing right breast, (B) facial scar, (C) unusually slight build, would seem to disqualify you for a mission, the success of which depends upon the ability to pass yourself off as one bred to exhibit only those qualities dictated by the great male ideal.

GALATIA: Point well taken. So . . . where does that leave us?

BRUCILLA: Officer Brucilla, volunteering for duty, Captain.

GALATIA: Think you can handle it, Bru?

BRUCILLA: Bank on it, Cap.

GALATIA: That's it then.

BRUCILLA: AW-RIGHT!!!

GALATIA: Remember, Bru, diplomacy and control.

BRUCILLA: Aw-right.

GALATIA: Get yourself into the outfit.

BRUCILLA: RIGHT AWAY, CAPTAIN! (*Exit*)

GALATIA: Annie, go with her. Bru just might need a little coaching in the finer points of submission and servitude.

EROTICA: right away, captain.

GALATIA: Tough decision, that one.

BRONWYN: What's that, Captain?

GALATIA: It's like a Drigo Tri-dagger stuck in my heart, seeing Bru delivered into that nest of vipers, Mother help her! (*Laughs sadly.*) Well . . . if anyone can whip Maggie's tail . . . if only Bru had a little less heart and a little more smarts!

BRONWYN: Captain?

GALATIA: Yeah, Sis?

BRONWYN: Who's Maggie? (*Sinister music*)

GALATIA: Maggie? I don't know any Maggie.

BRONWYN: EVIE! Playback communication 80-22!

GALATIA: Wait!

EVIE: (GALATIA *on tape.*) . . . "If anyone can whip Maggie's tail . . .

GALATIA: Arrrrrrrrgggggggghhhhhhhhhhhh!

BRONWYN: Hold it there, EVIE.

GALATIA: You win, Sis . . . guess it's time I came clean. (*She grabs a glass out of the wall, sticks it into a dispenser, ice and booze drop into it. She drinks.*) Maggie . . . (*Shudders*) You ever hear the name Molly Medea? Yeah, of course you have. Most people have. She was my grandmother. I was her namesake and I bore her name proudly. But I had a sister . . . a low, conniving, snake-in-the-grass sibling. Her name was Maggie. Now . . . she calls herself . . . VERLOONA!

BRONWYN: Verloona? Your sister?

GALATIA: You heard me right, Sis. (*Sentimental music*) I was four years old when Dad was killed. He was following in old Molly's footsteps, running subversive-type literature to the people of the seven planets under the rule of the old Baron Roderigo Bajar's governors. He was on Onolo Dos when a religious revolution broke out . . . a revolution I believe was plotted by the Baron, himself . . . and the crazy bastards killed him! The very SAME crazy bastards he was trying to help! (*Drifts off into a self-righteous daze.*)

BRONWYN: Captain?

GALATIA: Huh?

BRONWYN: You were supposed to tell me about Verloona?

GALATIA: . . . yes . . . (*Waits for her music to catch up.*) After Dad passed on, Mother remarried . . . SEDUCED by a suave and slimy character named Geron Ti' '! Mom was a pretty smart cookie, in matters that didn't involve love. She'd invested in Krystals before the rush, and Geron new it. Shortly after the marriage, my sister was born . . . Maggie! A bitch from the word Go! The first time I peeked over the edge of her crib, the burdensome brat let me have it with her rattle. I carry that scar to this day.

BRONWYN: I thought you told me you got that . . .

GALATIA: As we grew older, we grew less and less alike. I was dedicated to truth and justice and Verloona was dedicated to Verloona. She and her father made my life a living hell. They turned my mother against me with their whispered lies, and when she died . . . she left all her money to them. I, fearing for my life, fled to XYchromo and joined the women's underground. You know the rest of the story.

BRONWYN: Gosh, Captain . . . I mean, Molly?

GALATIA: No! I am Molly no longer! Galatia is the name I took among the Amazons and 9, my section on Omega 6. I must forget what I was and know only what I have become! I need that name! It strengthens me. I need it sticking like a thorn in my side! I need it to keep me on the stright and narrow! I need it to remind me what a STUPID FUCKING UNIVERSE THIS IS!

Scene 4A

(VERLOONA, RAH EL, *and* KALIF *in spot as set changes to Siren Throne Room.*)

VERLOONA: MOLLY! The very sound of that name enrages me! (Oof! She hits RAH EL) Molly, my sister! A pill from the word go! My first memory is of that ugly runt . . . her beady little eyes peering over the edge of my crib. That first glimpse of her ill-favored visage frightened me so that I screamed . . . ARRRRRRRR RRRRIIIIIIIIIYYYYHHHH! And hit her with my rattle BUT GOOD!

RAH EL: You always were the fiesty one!

VERLOONA: That brown-nosing, apple-polishing, pip-squeak was forever running on about truth-and-justice, truth-and-justice . . . it made me nauseous. I decided to live a life TOTALLY dedicated to self . . . and who deserves it more than I?

RAH EL: I can't think of a soul.

Brucilla as a Krabian Slave

VERLOONA: Good. (*Pets* RAH EL.) I have multiplied the money Mummy left me a thousand times . . . but I would give it all to rid myself of that obnoxious eyesore! MOLLY! (*Spits*) Named after my grandmother, Molly Medea! MOLLY! (*Spits*) Scourge of my life! The one who calls herself Galatia 9! MOLLY! (*Spits*) MY SISTER!

KALIF: (*Aside*) Molly Medea?

NORM: (*Sobbing*) Ever here for you.

VERLOONA: Hit the Har . . . Har . . . Har . . .

NORM: The Har . . . ?

VERLOONA: I CAN SAY IT!!!

KALIF: (*Aside*) BOTH grandaughters of Molly Medea? Do I hear the sweet knock knock of opportunity?

VERLOONA: Hit that nasty little tin can of a ship with all the eye beams we got! (RAH EL *carries her to her throne; needles and tubes project from the throne's arms. He attaches them to* VERLOONA*'s forearms.*) I want to know what they're up to!

EEELUH: (*Still limp*) ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh . . .

VERLOONA: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhh . . .
. . .

BRUCILLA: (*Popping out from behind the tank.*) Shhh! It's me!

VERLOONA: Who . . . who's that?

BRUCILLA: (*Dances out in a short Hermes Pan style dance number, ending sprawled before* VERLOONA*'s feet. She wears a silly pink harem costume.*) It is only I, Your Evilness . . . just a lowly Krabian Slave. (*Jumps up and heads off.*)

VERLOONA: Stop! Come here, Little Thrall. It is lucky for you we feel the need to have our Personage fanned. Otherwise, your silly little head would roll for straying so far from the slave quarters.

BRUCILLA: You are too kind, your Evilness. (*Takes a huge ostrich feather fan from the wall and begins to fan* VERLOONA.)

NORM: Verloona?

VERLOONA: Yes, Norm.

NORM: (*As Paul Lynde*) There is one outside your chamber who would seek an audience with you. Calls himself . . . you'll love this darling . . . Grad the Illegible . . . (*Laughs*)

RAH EL: Oh, Joy! A change of pace!

NORM: He wants to enlist! I dare say, he'll seem familiar to you.

DWANNYUN: (*Pops out dressed as Grad the I.*) Now you see me . . . (*Spins around*) . . . now you don't. As you can see . . . you see . . . as in comprehend . . . (*Thinks*) . . . TO SEE OR NOT TO SEE . . . What was the question? (*Scratches head, puzzled.*) Oh . . . (*Suddenly confident*) . . . GRAD'S THE NAME, GRAVITY THE GAME . . . . . Questions of gravity . . . as in grave questions as in ONE FOOT IN THE . . . although I'm not opposed to trivial questions or for that matter . . . or any matter . . . especially anti-matter . . . (*Laughs*) . . . what's the matter with me? . . . (*Serious*) BACK TO THE MATTER AT HAND . . . which was . . . what? QUESTION AND ANSWER TIME KIDDIES!!!!

VERLOONA: Who is that guy?

KALIF: I don't know . . .

BRUCILLA: (*Aside*) I know that guy.

KALIF: . . . he makes me crazy.

RAH EL: I like him.

DWANNYUN: Hello. Good evening . . . if it is evening . . . one can never be sure, can one? Allow me to introduce yourselves . . . Verloona, Rah El, KALIF, Rah El, KALIF, Verloona, KALIF, Verloona, Rah El . . . (*Breathless*) I would introduce myself but one can never be sure who that might be. You, lovely one, may call me Grad . . . as in college . . . (*To* RAH EL) You there. In the mylar shorts CAN . . . I think I'm nearly fairly sure . . . call me ILLEGIBLE!!!! . . . because I'm unreadable. And you . . . the Galactic Flasher over there! Don't call me, I'll call you . . . take two aspirin and call it in!!!! (*Dies laughing, then totally composed to* RAH EL.) Love the outfit. Really. (*Serious*) You may be asking yourselves or maybe not may it please the court . . .

KALIF AND DWANNYUN: WHAT IS HE DOING HERE!!!!!

DWANNYUN: . . . And well you might or might not ask! . . . Since you haven't . . . I have come to plead my case . . . or come to have my case plead me . . . as the case may be . . . A clear case of . . . as in open and shut . . . LET THE NEW GUY IN CASE CLOSED!!! (*Looks around.*) Nice place you got here. I could do without the breathing walls but then WHO AM I?!!! . . . (*Laughs, stops immediately.*) Take it from me . . . do something about those walls . . . it's weird. (*Spins*) Back to the subject at hand . . . what was that? . . . Oh . . . HANDS!!! . . . let's shake on it . . . hand in hand we'll stroll into the nearest nebula . . . Is this a bit nebulous? . . . What I'm trying to . . . I will endeavor to . . . Aw heck, fellas, am I in or . . . LET ME IN! LET ME IN! I'LL DEDICATE MY LIFE TO SIN! EVER THERE! DON'T DESPAIR! YOU WON'T SEE ME ANYWHERE! YEA-A-A-A-AY GRAD!!! (*Stops cold.*) That should have been the capper . . .

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Rah El: Now THAT'S what I call an unnatural act!

Verloona: Thumbs down.

Rah El: I like him.

Kalif: You like that jacket.

Verloona: No bickering, boys. He's a definite no-go.

Brucilla: (*Aside*) Where've I seen that guy?

Verloona: Grad the Illegible . . . or should I say DWANNYUN OI GRIIVARR! (*All express shock at this disclosure.*) What can say?

Dwannyun: Well . . . uh . . . you could say.

Kalif: Nix, Griivarr, she's referring to your piffling performance.

Dwannyun: Awww . . . Geeze . . .

Rah El: Don't hurt his feelings, Kalif. Save some for me.

Verloona: ENOUGH! Did you really expect to hoodwink us with this half-baked display of histrionics? It was deranged, yes . . . the product of a deliciously scrambled mind. But it lacks something. Mayhaps an element of danger.

Rah El: Oh, but Vampant One . . . I DEFINITELY felt threatened.

Kalif: You always feel threatened.

Dwannyun: I get that way myse . . .

Verloona: GRIIVARR!!!

Dwannyun: Uh . . . yes?

Verloona: Verloona wearies of this.

Dwannyun: Oh, well that hap . . .

ALL: GRIIVARR!!!

Dwannyun: Yes?

Verloona: Tedium takes its toll . . . We are not thinking . . . clearly . . . NORM!

NORM: At your beck, Bosstrix.

Verloona: Yes. Do you still have the . . . the . . . the . . . (*Starts to shake.*) . . . ARRRRRGGHHHARPY!!! Still on hold?

NORM: (*As Walter Brennan*) Just as you bade me. They ain't goin' nowhere.

VERLOONA: (*Calmer*) Good . . . we are exhausted . . . we . . . ADUCTOR BEAMS! NORM! ADUCTORS! RIP THAT THING APART AND SHOVE IT DOWN THE NEAREST GRAVITY WELL! . . . uh . . . NO! . . . heh heh heh . . . we forget ourselves . . . worry them, NORM . . . just . . . worry them. (*Stops. To* GRIIVARR.) You amuse us. There may be a slimray of hope for you.

DWANNYUN: Oh boy!

KALIF: Oh no.

RAH EL: Oh, Yes!

VERLOONA: SLIM was my word, Griivarr. And now we retire. Our mind is subtle . . . a watch spring . . . It has been wound too tight by all this . . . this . . . (*Stops, composed.*) Practice, practice practice. GRIIVARR!!! Three strikes you're out! Think about it. Boys! (*They exit.* BRU *fanning* VERLOONA *starts to follow them out. She stops. She backs on stage, still fanning.*)

BRUCILLA: (*Aside*) I know that kid.

Scene 4B

BRUCILLA: Hey . . . uh, kid? What's your name? Grat? Grap? I'm talkin' to you kid. Don't I know you? Nod once for yes, twice for no. (DWANNYUN *nods.*) Yeah . . . sure. You're . . . uh . . . WAIT it's right on the tip of my tongue. You're . . . uh . . . you know . . . from, right. Don't tell me.

DWANNYUN: Dwannyun of Griivarr.

BRUCILLA: OH GREAT MOTHER, I TOLD you not to tell me!

DWANNYUN: Sorry.

BRUCILLA: You were one level behind me at the space academy, right?

DWANNYUN: Yeah, well . . .

BRUCILLA: Sure . . . I remember you.

(*FLASHBACK:* BRU *and* DWANNYUN *at the space academy. Lights change dramatically. Music: "Those Crazy Stars." They are dancing,* BRU *leading . . . waltzing* DWANNYUN *around the floor. She is kissing* DWANNYUN *off.*)

BRUCILLA: You gotta understand somethin about me, Dwayne . . . I'm free spirit, a rover, a rambler. And it's time for me to ramble on. I gotta spread my wings! I gotta fly, kid! I gotta go where no woman has gone before! And that's the cake, kid!

DWANNYUN: But what about . . .

BRUCILLA: Oh, sure! We had some laughs. But it's over kid. I'm married to the Brigade.

DWANNYUN: But you said . . .

BRUCILLA: Two shuttles passing in the void. That's what we were Dwayne.

DWANNYUN: But . . .

BRUCILLA: And someunit, you'll look out at those crazy stars, and remember. (*Breaks away.*) Later, Dwayne . . . (BRU *and* DWANNYUN *turn to audience. Lights, a small spot on each of them.*) So shoot me. I lied. I couldn't tell him I HAD to leave.

DWANNYUN: I'll wait for you, Bru!

BRUCILLA: A bad order from high up . . . an entire squadron bought the farm. I was the scapegoat.

DWANNYUN: And I waited . . .

BRUCILLA: I was humiliated, cashiered, broken from the ranks.

DWANNYUN: And I waited . . .

BRUCILLA: A team player screwed by the team.

DWANNYUN: But she never came back.

(*Back to the PRESENT.*)

BRUCILLA: What the hell are you doin', kid?

DWANNYUN: Well . . .

BRUCILLA: Don't talk back to me, kid. Do you KNOW what you're doin?

DWANNYUN: Uh . . . nothing, really . . .

BRUCILLA: Are you sayin I don't SEE right? Don't pretend with me, kid. You, Verloona, Bajar . . . that other worthless little wimp . . . what's-his-name . . . Rex? I SAW the whole THING, kid.

DWANNYUN: I was just trying . . .

BRUCILLA: I KNOW what you were TRYIN! I'm not BLIND, Dwayne. I'm not dumb. You're not callin' me DUMB are ya?

DWANNYUN: That's Dwannyun.

BRUCILLA: Irrevelant. What are we talkin here? You, Verloona . . . Verloona, You? I'm talkin' confused, kid. Talk to me, Dwayne.

DWANNYUN: Dwannyun. Well, I thought . . .

BRUCILLA: NO, kid. You didn't THINK . . . or you wouldn't be doin' what I think I just saw ya doin'. FOLLOW ME, KID. (*He does.*) You deal with Verloona, you're dealin' with scum. I'm talkin' SCUM, kid. Scum from the word GO! When you're talkin' Verloona, you're talkin' depraved, debased, debauched, devious, deceitful, disGUSTing . . . you're talkin' PERVERTED, kid. What am I SAYIN'? Huh? What are YOU sayin'? NOTHIN', Kid'! You're sayin' NOTHIN'!

BRUCILLA: Open your eyes, Kid. Look around you. Whaddya see? You got your GOOD . . . an' you got your VERY bad. BAD? I'm talkin' the lowest dregs of VICE, kid . . . the SINK of iniquity. I like you, kid. Do yourself a favor. Do ME a favor. Go home, Kid. Get some nice woman to support an' take care of ya. A nice lookin' guy like yourself shouldn't have any trouble findin' a mate.

VERLOONA: (*From off*) WHERE IS THAT SUB-SENTIENT SERVILE OF A LOWLY KRABIAN SLAVE!?!

BRUCILLA: ARRRGGGHHHHHHHH! I HATE that back-bitin' bitch! (*Hands* DWANNYUN *her helmet.*) I gotta go, kid. Take it from Brucilla . . . go home. (*In her Krabian voice.*) "I'M COMING, YOUR EVILNESS!" Later, Dwayne. (*Exit*)

(DWANNYUN *covers his ears and then puts* BRUCILLA*'s helmet on to stop the sound of* BRU*'s voice echoing through the void. "Later, Dwayne, Later, Dwayne, Later, Dwayne!"*)

DWANNYUN: THAT'S DWANNYUN!!!!!

Scene 5

(*Bridge of the Harpy*)

GALATIA: Where the hell is Bru? Annie! Any chance of breaking free of that tractor beam?

EROTICA: i tried the presser beams, but they fed back into the equipment, running us up the scales toward overload.

GALATIA: Bronwyn! Did you get that message through to the U4F?

BRONWYN: No go on that either. They've employed a communications jamming device. I've tried thinking through but my power's being drained off by the . . . uh . . . I should have mentioned . . .

GALATIA: By GODDESS, Sis, spit it OUT! We're skating a dangerous 8 on thin hydrogen ice!

BRONWYN: Oh . . . sorry . . . I guess I just . . .

GALATIA: Forget it, Sis. I get a bit touchy whenever the Fate of the Free Universe is in my hands.

BRONWYN: Oh . . . I understand completely . . . the responsibility . . .

GALATIA: Some life! You risk your neck chasing interspace pirates and the board turns 'em loose so they can blast at ya again. If you're honest, you die without a qua-credit. AND FOR WHAT? A titanium star and burial in an unmarked pod?

BRONWYN: Uh . . . they were monitoring us with eye-beams . . .

GALATIA: Pup-ufa-Drome!

BRONWYN: Oh . . . but I stopped them! I simply amplified my mind shields and it worked surprisingly well . . . perhaps because we're dealing with a living ship.

GALATIA: We should've heard something by now. (*Sirens*)

EROTICA: captain. the siren's computer has augmented the tractor beam with an aductor. it has pulled off a number of antennae and aerials and is beginning to work on the port-side plates.

GALATIA: ARRRGHHH!

EROTICA: ask permission to cannibalize your anti-grav relaxation chamber, re-route the energy to the port projectors, and reverse the condensors, creating a tractor field to hold the plates to the side of the ship.

GALATIA: Granted. (ANNIE *throws a large switch. Humming sound.*) We gotta beat those beams or Bru's not got a snowball's chance in nova . . . GODDESS! I've let Brucilla saunter into that snakepit like a sucker to a station crapshoot! If she doesn't come back, it'll be on my head.

BRONWYN: For crying' out loud, Cap . . . Bru did what she had, or at least THOUGHT she had, to do . . . more or less . . . and THIS BATTLE, to a greater or lesser extent, concerns us all . . . then again . . .

EROTICA: affirmative, captain. it is of personal interest to me. permission to relay memory unit 0984.333.

GALATIA: You got it, Ann. Spill your guts.

EROTICA: (*As she prepares to reverse the condensors. Music up.*) the man kalif . . . my first and only owner. his father, the old baron roderigo bajar, bought me for the boy many cycles ago. it seems that the boy had fallen in love . . . correction . . . in lust with his father's erotica ann, so the baron bought him the entire line including the latest and last to come off the assembly vats, yours truly. we existed

solely to serve the young kalif's depraved desires, until one fateful malton unit, he discovered that we did not feel . . . that our responses had been programmed in. he flew into a rage. he ordered that we all be melted down. i stood at the end of a long line and watched my sisters march one by one into a vat of acid.

BRONWYN: (*Making the sign of the mother*) MOTHER SNUB ME!

EROTICA: then something odd happened . . . (*Spot on* ANNIE) i started to tingle . . . my head started spinning. i had my first independent thought! i thought, "if i stay in this line, i will be melted down in a vat of acid!" i got the hell out.

GALATIA: Good thinking. How'd you manage your escape?

EROTICA: no one was watching. we weren't programmed to think for ourselves. we were programmed for submission. he knew if he ordered us to march into the acid, we would. i thought . . . and i walked away.

GALATIA: A cruel and misogynist act! All those innocent sisters turned into droid soup by that insidious spawn of the Baron Roderigo Sejanus Vasco De Gama Bajar!

EROTICA: captain. the field is not feasible at this time. in the milliribec it would take to reverse the condensors, the siren's beams could use our energy to rip off the entire port side. evie confirms.

EVIE: That's a confirmation, Cap. (*Weird noises start.*)

GALATIA: Cub of a Lycon cur!

BRONWYN: (*Jerking strangely*) Better do something fast, Cap! I don't know how much longer I can handle the eye-eye-eyeiiiiiiiiiiiiii . . . . .

GALATIA: Okay . . . okay . . . I GOT IT! The phonebooks! We'll use the books to distract the beams. Annie! Prepare to release our cargo!

BRONWYN: But Captain . . .

GALATIA: We'll blow the books through the cargo scuttling hatches, and while those aductors are walking through the yellow pages, we'll be putting plan A into action!

BRONWYN: . . . uh . . . Captain . . . ? Are you sure . . . ?

GALATIA: STAND BY TO REVERSE THOSE CONDENSORS, ANNIE!

(CAP *pulls lever. Sound. Lights. Screens show books shooting off. Then: Lights change. A few musical tones. The U4F emblem appears on the screen. Ding-dong-ding.*)

VOICE: And now a message from president Gyndal Q. of the U4F. The United Federation of Female Freedom Fighters, "When you care enough to send the very best."

GYNDAL Q.: (*Her face appears on screen. She salutes.*) Perfect trust. Congratulations Galatia 9 and the crew of the Harpy. Since you are now receiving this Krystal-Gram transmission, programmed for playback at the time the phonebooks are released from your cargo holds, THIS SHOULD MEAN that you have completed the first half of your mission, and that the Pheobus System Phonebooks are safe inside the palace on the surface of Mitochondria.

GALATIA: . . . shit.

BRONWYN: Does this mean . . . ?

GALATIA: Quiet.

GYNDAL Q: Listen carefully as I relay instructions for phase 2 of this MOST urgent mission. (*Ding-dong-ding. A Pheobus System phonebook appears on screen.*) This is the Pheobus System Phonebook, Cycle 154 Anarchera. On the cover is a lovely artist's rendering of a team of rugged Asteroid Miners collectively working for the common good. These books, now resting safely in the palace on Mitochondria, contain the coded information that will turn Officer Ann into Gloriana of Pheobus.

GALATIA: Awwww no!

GYNDAL Q: We thought it better you not be given this information earlier in case, Goddess forbid, you were captured.

GALATIA: Swell.

GYNDAL Q: Your first order of business is to have Officer Ann read one of those books . . .

EROTICA: eureka.

BRONWYN: . . . we're saved!

GYNDAL Q: She will then hold, stored in the deepest recesses of her brain banks, all the information she will need for the running of a planetary system. Officer Ann will, for all practical purposes, BECOME the Prime Minister.

EROTICA: but i have not become the prime minister.

GYNDAL Q: But she will NOT become the Prime Minister until she is given the KEY that will UNLOCK the CODE. Now . . .

GALATIA: 10 credits we get the dope on the key.

ERO/BRON: Done.

GYNDAL Q: . . . about the key . . .

GALATIA: Pay up Ladies . . .

GYNDAL Q: This is the cover of LAST cycle's Phonebook . . . (*Ding-dong-ding*) . . . an inspired painting of the pregnant Goddess giving birth to the sun of the Pheobus System. It is THIS BOOK, safely nestling among the other books in the palace on Mitochondria, that holds the KEY.

GALATIA: Annie?

EROTICA: never saw it before.

GYNDAL Q: You must LOCATE the book and find a listing for a Mr. Tommy Boyd Floater in the Krystal Belt Section . . .

BRONWYN: Captain? (*The* CAP *is shaking visibly.*)

GYNDAL Q: FIND THAT NUMBER! It is the KEY that will turn Officer Ann into Glorianna of Pheobus, perhaps saving the entire system. Good luck. The fate of the Free Universe is in your hands.

EROTICA: plan accomplished. tractor field operative.

GALATIA: VERLOOOOOOOOOOONA! (*Music*)
SWEAR I, AND IN THIS VERY NIGHT,
TO SMITE THE SCURVY SYBARITE!
INTO THAT PIT, I'LL FOLLOW BRU,
AND SLIT SOME THROATS BEFORE I'M THROUGH!
Take over for me, Annie! Pray for me, Bronwyn!

Scene 6

(*The Siren Throne Room*)

VERLOONA: Norm! Why is it so hot in here?

NORM: (*As James Mason*) The beams you ordered on the Harpy are bouncing back from the inside of our aural shield like golf balls in a tile pissiore. The outer hull is developing a marvelous tan, but too much more will result in unsightly freckles and eventually blisters and third-degree burns . . .

VERLOONA: NORM!!! Are we cooking ourselves?

NORM: To a turn.

KALIF: (*To* EEEEEEEEELUH) And I thought you were warming up for me.

VERLOONA: What about the eye beams?

NORM: No go on that, either. They've been blocked by an annoyingly dull texture of thought . . .

VERLOONA: Mind shield?

NORM: My thought exactly. Fourth or fifth level telepath.

VERLOONA: Bronwyn of the Veil!

NORM: . . . and Verloona?

VERLOONA: NORM! CUT THE BLASTED BEAMS! DAMN YOU, GALATIA 9!

NORM: Verloona?

VERLOONA: (*Trying to control herself.*) Verloona the nimble-witted will simply wait you out. You'll weary of waiting, Diminutive Dolt. You'll tip your hand and we'll be watching.

NORM: Omnivorous One?

VERLOONA: (*To* BRU) Will you please WATCH THAT FAN WHAT IS IT NORM!!! (BRU *swings the fan like a baseball bat.* VERLOONA *steps out of the way just in time to avoid being hit.*)

NORM: We've been swallowing these. (*BLAP!BLAP! Two phonebooks fall from ceiling or are spit out of the wall.*)

KALIF: (*Aside*) Phonebooks . . .

BRUCILLA: (*Aside*) Phonebooks!

VERLOONA: Phonebooks?

NORM: The aductors pulled them in.

VERLOONA: Analyze.

NORM: (*As European wine connoisseur.*) Hmmm . . . Smooth body, impudent nose, hangs well on the sensors, a GLORIOUS shower of didgits that tickles the synapse and does marvelous things for my error-sensing functions . . . but it lacks . . . something?

RAH EL: (*Rushing in*) Many pardons, Verloona, but there's this fellow . . . O to find the words . . . (*Blap! A phonebook falls in front of* RAH EL. *He doesn't notice.*)

VERLOONA: You really annoy me, sometimes.

RAH EL: Oh, I know . . . I'm horrible. (*Reciting*) I'm nothing. You're everything. You're a goddess. I'm a . . .

KALIF: . . . jelly fish.

RAH EL: I AM NOT!!! . . . but there's this fellow outside DE-

MANDING to see you! *AND* . . . he called me SCUM! I was furious . . . (*BLAP!* REX *glances at the phonebook that has fallen in front of him, then continues, oblivious.*) . . . I was about to give him a piece of my mind, when that ill-omened son-of-a-gun started to get ROUGH! I thought I was going to DIE!!! The BRUTE!!!

VERLOONA: Really, Rex, let him in before you hyperventilate.

RAH EL: I know I'm horrible.

DWANNYUN: (*Entering as* CHAOS.) Hey . . . what's your name? Tex? Ret? You bother me, kid. Yeah . . . you. You bother me. (*Beat*) You Verleene? Nod once for yes . . . twice for no.

RAH EL: (*To* CHAOS) That's Verloona . . .

VERLOONA: What do you want, Buddy?

DWANNYUN: What are we talkin' here? What are YOU talkin'? You're not talkin'. Listen to me, kid.

VERLOONA: Don't call me kid.

DWANNYUN: Don't talk back to me, Kid. What the Hell are you doin'?

VERLOONA: (*To* REX) What the hell is he doing here?

DWANNYUN: I'm talkin' confused! You, Bajar, that other worthless little wimp whats-his-name, Rex? Don't pretend with me, Kid . . . I see the whole thing.

VERLOONA: Don't call me Kid.

DWANNYUN: I'm not blind, Kid. I'm not dumb. You're not callin' me DUMB are you? Talk to me, Verleene.

REX/KALIF: VERLOONA!!!

VERLOONA: You talk to me, and make it good. What . . . do . . . you . . . want?

DWANNYUN: Irrevelant. You follow me?

VERLOONA: Definitely not.

DWANNYUN: (*Spins her into his arms, tango style.*) I'm talkin' togetherness, kid. Me'n you . . . a team. Follow me, Kid! (*She does.*)

VERLOONA: (*Sweetly*) I think I told you not to call me Kid.

DWANNYUN: No, Kid . . . you didn't think or you wouldn't be doin' what I think I see you doin'. I'm SURPRISED at you, Verleene!

REX/KALIF: VERLOONA!

DWANNYUN: You're talkin' scum, Kid . . . Bajar, Rex . . . scum from the word go. I'm talkin' depraved, debased, debauched, devious, deceitful, perverted . . . I'm talkin' CAPTAIN CHAOS!

VERLOONA: Now you're talking.

DWANNYUN: Me an' you, Kid . . . it just makes good sense. Look around you, Kid. Open your eyes. What do you see? You got your good . . . and you got your *very* BAD. Bad? I'm talkin' the lowest dregs of vice, Kid . . . the sink of iniquity. I like you, Kid. Do yourself a favor, Kid. Do ME a favor, Kid. A nice lookin' lady like yourself should be able to see the advantages to this merge. Take it from Captain Chaos . . . accept me! We belong together.

VERLOONA: You talk big, but I'm not convinced.

DWANNYUN: Whad'ya want? Information?

RAH EL: (*BLAP!*) Now he's talking!

VERLOONA: What kind of information?

DWANNYUN: Lemme put it this way . . . you got a little problem of a vehicular nature, name of the "H". You followin' me, Kid?

VERLOONA: The Har . . . Har . . . Har . . .

REX/KAL: Harpy?

BRUCILLA: Harpy!

VERLOONA: HARPY!!!

DWANNYUN: I just thought you might be anxious to learn of the presence of a certain S-P-Y who has illegally entered your formally private domain from a certain problem name of the "H."

VERLOONA: A WHAT!? A sp-sp-sp . . .

RAH EL: SPY!

VERLOONA: SPY! (*Hits* RAH EL.)

CHAOS: Lemme put it this way . . . YES!

VERLOONA: WHO DARES TO DESECRATE OUR DOMICILE!!!

KALIF: And Griivarr . . .

REX/KALIF: . . . how did you find out about this?

DWANNYUN: Ask nicely, please. Captain Chaos wastes no words on rudeniks.

VERLOONA: Very well, Chaos . . . which of those odious insects from that cursed Har . . . Har . . .

DWANNYUN: Harpy?

VERLOONA: TELL ME WHO IT IS!!!!!

DWANNYUN: And just what, might I ask, is in this for Captain Chaos? It seems to met that a gesture of good faith such as the one I am about to offer, deserves another such offer of good faith in return.

RAH EL: (*BLAP! A phonebook falls near* RAH EL. *This time he sees it.*) Phonebooks?

VERLOONA: Okay. If this is good, you're in.

RAH EL: (*Aside*) . . . from the Pheobus System! (*Sinister music*)

DWANNYUN: Now you're startin' to see things in a sensible light, Lovely Lady. How about you an' me sealin' it with a kiss? (DWANNYUN *reaches for her hand to kiss it. She pulls him into her arms and dips him.* BRUCILLA *decides to try and sneak away during this.*)

VERLOONA: Now, Tall, Dark, and Vacant . . . tell Verloona about the little spy before she has the nose ripped off your pretty face.

DWANNYUN: Uh . . . she . . . let me up, please. (*She does.*) Thanks. That slave . . . the one that's sneaking away . . . ?

VERLOONA: GIRL! Where do you think you're going?

BRUCILLA: To the head, your Evilness.

VERLOONA: The head? THE HEAD!? Krabians don't use the head.

DWANNYUN: This would seem to be the aforementioned S-P-Y, Verloona. One Brucilla . . . also known as The Muscle.

BRUCILLA: (*Grabs a huge Thermite Englobement bomb.*) Stand back all of ya an' ya won't get hurt. But if one of ya moves . . . just ONE of ya . . . I'm gonna have ta take ya all! Ya got me?

(*As* KALIF *zaps* BRU *with ray gun,* BRU *falls,* RAH EL *dives and catches bomb before it hits the deck.*)

VERLOONA: It would seem so. Better than I expected, Griivarr. You're in. Trial period.

KALIF: Congratulations, Griivarr.

VERLOONA: NORM! YOU'RE SLIPPING!

RAH EL: Welcome aboard.

NORM: (*As Dr. Maccoy*) I'm a computer, not a magician!

KALIF: A tip, Griivarr, watch your step.

VERLOONA: Slip again, Norm, I'll saw you in half and fling you into sub-space! (BRU *is being held to the wall by a beam from* VERLOONA*'s wrist-ray.*)

BRUCILLA: Watch your step, you scurvy sabarite! It'll take more'n you an' your pernicious partisans to keep ME down. You must take me for a FOOL, Verloona. Harpy crew members are on their way here RIGHT now. You didn't actually think the Cap would leave me here long enough to fall prey to you and your sinister sidekicks, did ya? They'll be here any RIBEC, Verloona. I'm talkin' RESCUE, Verloona. Reinforcements! On the way! Any ribec now!

RAH EL: Boring!

VERLOONA: (*Into wrist radio*) Orga?

ORGA: (*From off*) GROWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW!

BRUCILLA: (*Getting nervous*) I can't wait to see your face when Cap comes rushin' in with the reinforcements. I'm just countin' the ribecs. Boy will you be sorry.

RAH EL: Bor-ing!

VERLOONA: Oh, Orga? (*Very heavy footsteps from off. All bounce up and down, as though the floor were shaking.*)

BRUCILLA: I can't wait. (*Laughs nervously*) This is gonna be priceless.

(ORGA *appears. Half woman, half machine, seven feet tall, and all deadly.*)

ORGA: ORGA SMASH!!!

BRUCILLA: Shit!

END OF ACT I

Orga, the Killer Cyborg

Act One

Scene 1

(Bronwyn is on the bridge of the Harpy. She is wearing a huge plastic helmet with blinking lights. It is making a humming noise. EROTICA ANN *and* BRUCILLA *enter.)*

EROTICA: (*Enters with a pile of phonebooks and puts them next to her console.*) the point is hardly arguable, brucilla. the fact is there were no androconians left in the borgon brigade after the tri-clone invasion.

BRUCILLA: I'm sorry but you're WRONG. I had a good friend who knew this guy who was a shipmate of the Communications Officer aboard a left-wing protector ship IN the Borgon Brigade . . . (*Turns on moving practice target.*) Case closed. (*Swishing sound. Lights. Bru takes aim.*)

EROTICA: i could pull my files on the subject, however, i'm quite certain my time could be spent on more important matters.

BRUCILLA: (*Misses target/buzzing sound.*) Like WHAT, Metal Mind? Readin' phonebooks?

EROTICA: it clears the residual carbon build-up from my error-sensing functions. you should try it.

BRUCILLA: I tried it . . . (*Highly amused with herself.*) It read like a phonebook! (*Takes aim.*)

EROTICA: it is a phonebook, brucilla.

BRUCILLA: Hey! Reach out and touch yourself! (*Shoots/misses/BUZZ!*)

EROTICA: your aim is low by point 2 mi-narons.

BRONWYN: (*Stepping in front of* BRU *just in time to keep her from lunging at* EROTICA ANN. BRONWYN'S *helmet is buzzing and smoking.*) I hate to interupt . . . but could one of you please reset the Atomo-Touch "Mind Fingers" thought-scanning probe? It seems to be malfunctioning.

EROTICA: affirmative. i'll get on it immediately. (*Starts for control, but* BRU *grabs her shoulder and spins her around.*)

BRUCILLA: You know just how to get to me, don't you . . . DON'T you, Neurotica?

BRONWYN: Brucilla?

BRUCILLA: SCRAM!

(Lights out)

Scene 2

(Deep in the dank steaming bowels of Siren 3.)

KALIF: Hey, Brucilla? Rah El and I discussed it over and we decided that we would hate like hell to see you die before you had a chance to really know suffering.

RAH EL: Sure would.

KALIF: I mean, it's bad enough that you had to be totally humiliated by a Cyborg the way you were, but to die a quick and painless death would be, well . . . you do understand, don't you?

RAH EL: You do understand?

KALIF: Of course she does.

RAH EL: Of course you do.

KALIF: Oh, and just so you don't think us narrowminded . . .

RAH EL: We wouldn't want that.

KALIF: Just so you don't think us narrowminded, we are totally open to suggestion . . . you know, as far as torture is concerned . . .

RAH EL: Totally open . . .

KALIF: I mean we're doing this for your sake, Brucilla. We want you to look good.

RAH EL: It's all for you, honey.

KALIF: If we look bad, you look bad, you know?

RAH EL: Oh, I like that. "If we look bad, you look bad." I like it.

KALIF: Thanks. Anyway, you think about it for a while, and I'll go check out the inventory. I think you'll be pleasantly surprised at the number of pain-causing devices we have aboard this vessel.

RAH EL: I love it.

KALIF: You will keep our friend entertained while I'm gone, won't you?

RAH EL: I love it. Mental cruelty is the best kind. (KALIF *exits.*)

BRUCILLA: You'll pay for this, you detestable little . . .

RAH EL: Watch it, Miss Muscle-whatever-your-name-is. You're

talking to RAH EL REX, the greatest collector of art in the Galaxy . . . appointed—annointed by the Great Disruptor to keep ORDER OUT of the Universe!!!

BRUCILLA: Oh, gee. I'm sorry I said anything. Please accept my humblest apology. O, GREAT DISRUPTOR, FORGIVE THIS POOR UNKNOWING WRETCH . . . !

RAH EL: I don't like you.

BRUCILLA: Mutual, I'm sure.

RAH EL: As I was saying . . . Kalif wants too much power, understand? Kalif wants to restore the Incorporated Elysian Republic and that will just not do. No no no! When the Siren sings for Rah El Rex, Kalif will find his aberrated atoms scattered to the Skryton Galaxy! Too bad, too. I kinda liked him. But no . . . he pushes me. My brother Norris used to push me like that. Push, push, push. Too bad. Roland did away with Norris and Roland will . . . I mean RAH EL will do away with Kalif, too.

BRUCILLA: Hey, who's Roland?

RAH EL: I don't know any Roland. There is no Roland.

BRUCILLA: But you said Roland killed Norris and . . .

RAH EL: Shut up you. THERE IS NO ROLAND REX! Roland was a slimy, spineless, yellow-bellied wimp. A disgrace to his family . . . a disgrace to The Disruptor . . . and Rah El did away with Roland. RAH EL DIDN'T LIKE ROLAND! (*Changes to mild-mannered antique dealer,* ROLAND REX.) "And Roland doesn't like Rah El, either." (BRU *is looking very confused.*) DON'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, YOU SNIFFLING LITTLE TWIT! I DESTROYED YOU YEARS AGO WITH THE HELP OF THE GREAT DISRUPTOR! "Don't say that Rah El, there is no Disruptor." YES THERE IS!!! "No there's not." YES THERE IS!!! I AM RAH EL REX, POWERFUL AND MOST HUMBLE SERVANT OF THE GREAT DISRUPTOR AND I SAY KALIF WILL DIE AND VERLOONA WILL BE ART.

BRUCILLA: Art?

RAH EL: Through the miracle of cryogenics! When I have all the leaders of the universe suspended . . . cold, cold, cold . . . except for their minds . . . I need this ship, you see. A living, breathing gallery for living, THINKING art. Verloona will be my masterpiece. In the interest of Universal Chaos, we must have ALL the LEADERS, good and bad, bad and good . . . Then it's a hop, skip, and a jump into Hyper-Space and LEAVE THE HORDES OF MEWING SHEEP TO STEW IN THEIR OWN RANDOM . . . aarrrrgghhhhhh . . . "Norris is going to be very angry if I don't get back to the wax works."

RAH EL: Norris really loves me. He just doesn't understand me.

BRUCILLA: I don't understand y . . .

RAH EL: SHUT YOUR MUSCLE-BOUND MOUTH, YOU DISGUSTING DO-GOODER! "That wasn't very nice." STAY DOWN! RAH EL IS ALL POW-ER-FUL!!! Power? (RAH EL *moves upstage and pulls down a huge lever. A panel opens up center. A platform rolls out. On the platform is a transparent tube containing a frozen Glorianna of Pheobus. Above the platform is a lighted sign that reads, "GLORIANNA.")* Power . . . (*He reaches into the tube and removes a glowing Krystal from Glorianna's neck.*) . . . source of MIGHTY POWER, she said. Glorianna's glory . . . the Prime Minister's pretty bauble . . .

BRUCILLA: Prime Minister?

RAH EL: Bingo!

BRUCILLA: Leaders?!

RAH EL: (*Singing*) That's right.

BRUCILLA: Cryogenics!?!

RAH EL: Ditto!

BRUCILLA: Holy Shit!

RAH EL: She won't be needing this but RAH EL REX . . . !!! (*A small "window" in the wall pops open.* KALIF*'s face is behind it. Another pops open.* HE *reaches through it and lifts the Krystal from* RAH EL. RAH EL *doesn't notice.*) "Put on your thinking cap, Rah El. The phonebooks were a warning. You're totally surrounded!" YOU'RE TRYING TO DESTROY ME! "I'm very tired . . . perhaps I'll just untie you and . . . " WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE RUINING MY PLANS! "Who? Me?" YES, YOU, SILLY! "Don't call me silly, Norris." NORRIS IS DEAD!!! "Norris loves you . . . " (KALIF *has managed to sneak in and make off with* GLORIANNA.)

BRUCILLA: Yeah, Norris loves you and so do I. Now, if one of you will just untie me . . .

RAH EL: Will you please BUTT OUT! THIS IS BETWEEN ME AND ROLAND! "Of course I'll untie you." NO YOU WON'T! "Yes I will." NO YOU WON'T! "Yes." NO! "Yes." "NO!!! Master, no Master NOOOOOOOOO!!! (*Starts to choke himself.*) ROLAND IS GOING TO DIE! ROLAND IS WEAK! ROLAND IS . . . arrrrrggghhhhhh . . .

BRUCILLA: The things I have to do in the name of Justice and the Amercadian Way! There'd better be a medal in this for me somewhere.

Scene 3

(Dwannyun, *left alone in the Throne Room, is humming* Stormy Weather *and swaying in front of Eeeeeeeeeluh's tank as though dancing with her.*)

NORM: (*As FM DJ*) Dwannyun of Griivarr, Stormy Weather on the Siren 3. Weather outside? Nothing.

Dwannyun: Know my wrath, you shivering, spineless . . . no . . . doesn't do it. (*Begins again*) KNEEL before me, you shivering, spineless speck of space dust and KNOW MY WRATH!!! (*Pleased*) That's better. (*Sits on* Verloona's *throne.*) I could get to like this.

Eeeluh: Warrrning! Enter in Periiiiiiiiil of your . . . Noooo . . . nooooooo . . . Okey-doke . . .

Dwannyun: What? What's going on?

Eeeluh: Never mieeeeend . . .

Dwannyun: Report!

Eeeluh: No problem.

Dwannyun: NORM?

NORM: (*As Ed Sullivan*) Just checking it out now, darling. Oops! Right here, on our ship, another unidentified humanoid has boarded the Siren 3.

Dwannyun: See if they match up with any of the life-prints in the tapes.

NORM: Checking.

Dwannyun: A crisis so soon! Could be my chance to prove myself . . . wedge myself in . . . become one of the inner circle!

NORM: (*As Walter Cronkite*) We have a SPECIAL REPORT! Small, sneaking person matches the life-prints we have on Galatia 9, captain of the Harpy! Half-sister to our Divine Leader!

Dwannyun: Gosh . . . this is GREAT! Now . . . got to figure out what my next move should be . . .

NORM: This one's marked for immediate termination. If you would like to choose the method, go ahead . . . shoot!

Dwannyun: Termination? . . . ohhh . . . okay . . . Death, you mean? O . . . gee . . . well . . . ?

NORM: If I could make a suggestion, the section she's in could be sealed off and filled with Krezonian Nerve Gas. The only life forms in that section are a few Krabian Slaves and our new arrival.

DWANNYUN: Well . . . what does this gas do exactly?

NORM: (*As Don Pardo*) Well, Dwayne . . . it causes extreme pain in the joints and extremities, convulsions, some light vomiting, labored breathing, and FINALLY . . . slow asphyxiation! Back to you, Dwayne!

DWANNYUN: Yuk.

NORM: It's one of Verloona's faves!

DWANNYUN: Well I don't care for it much. You have anything else?

NORM: (*As Peter Lorre*) We could turn loose the Weigon Leeches?

DWANNYUN: NO! No . . . my cousin was done in by Weigon Leeches . . . Terrible way to go.

NORM: (*Peter Lorre*) I think that's the point.

DWANNYUN: Well, I don't like it . . . Let's have another option.

NORM: (*As Boris Karloff*) There's always Orga?

DWANNYUN: (*Shivers*) Orga? Well . . . at least she'd have a chance . . . a fair fight . . . sort of . . .

NORM: (*Peter Lorre*) And if Orga loses, there's always the leeches.

DWANNYUN: Yeah, well . . .

NORM: (*Boris Karloff*) Shall I send Orga?

DWANNYUN: Yes! . . . no . . . wait . . . no . . .

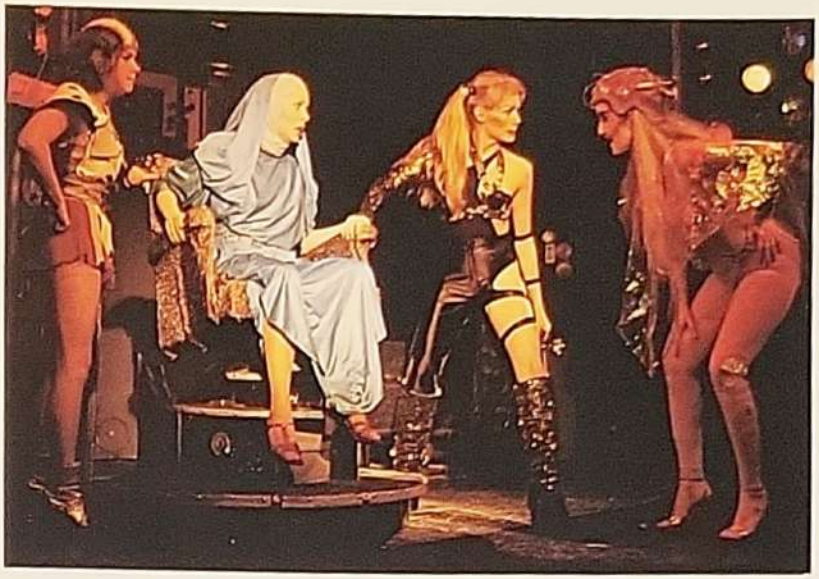
NORM: My exact orders were (*Mechanical computer voice*) IMMEDIATE TERMINATION.

DWANNYUN: Okay . . . but just wait a martron . . . why is she being terminated?

NORM: (*Richard Burton*) Because it's Verloona's will and none of your beeswax!

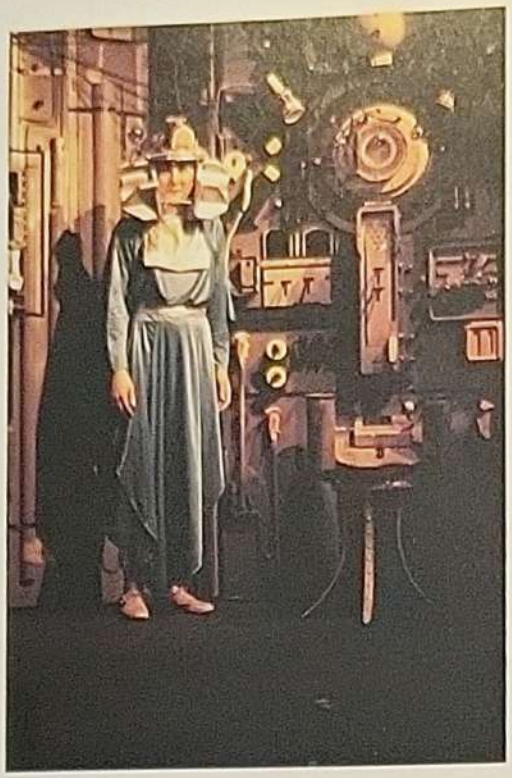
EEELUH: Galatia Nieeeeeene is a noble freeeedom fighter, dedicated to justice and eeeeeeeequality. Her death would beee a criiiiiime against theee Mother.

Annie Gets a Reading on the
Amorphous Blob



The Alert Brings Galatia 9 to the
Bridge of the Harpy

Cap Orders Crew to Pursue the
Blasphemous Blob



Telephathic Sister Bronwyn Tries
Trance-state Info-scan

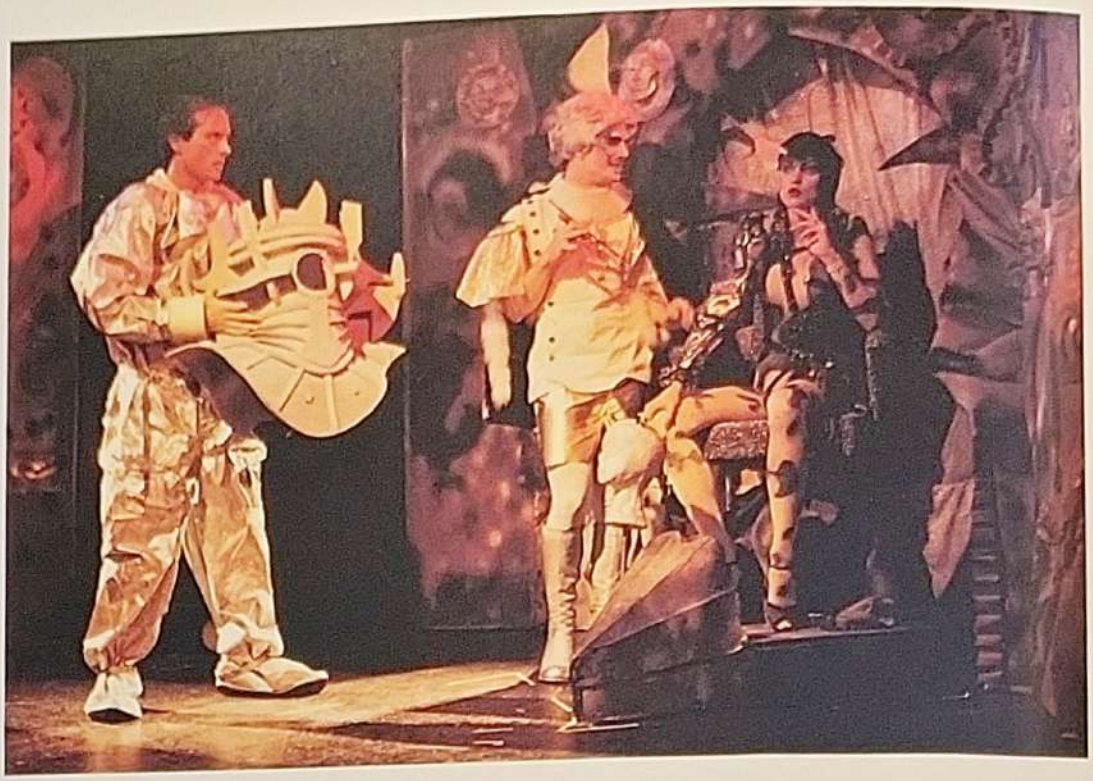
Brucilla Swears Vengeance Against
the Guide-nappers

Verloona and Her Sinister Sidekicks
Aboard the Siren

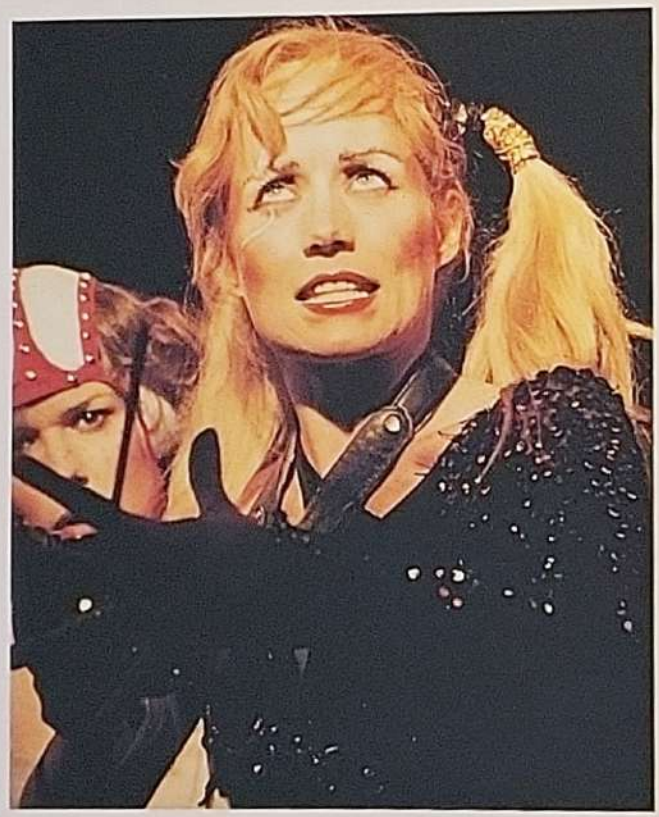
EEEEEEEEEluh, the Empath, Senses Danger

That Madcap Master of Menace, Zun the Warlord of Zentia

3's Company but 9's a Crowd

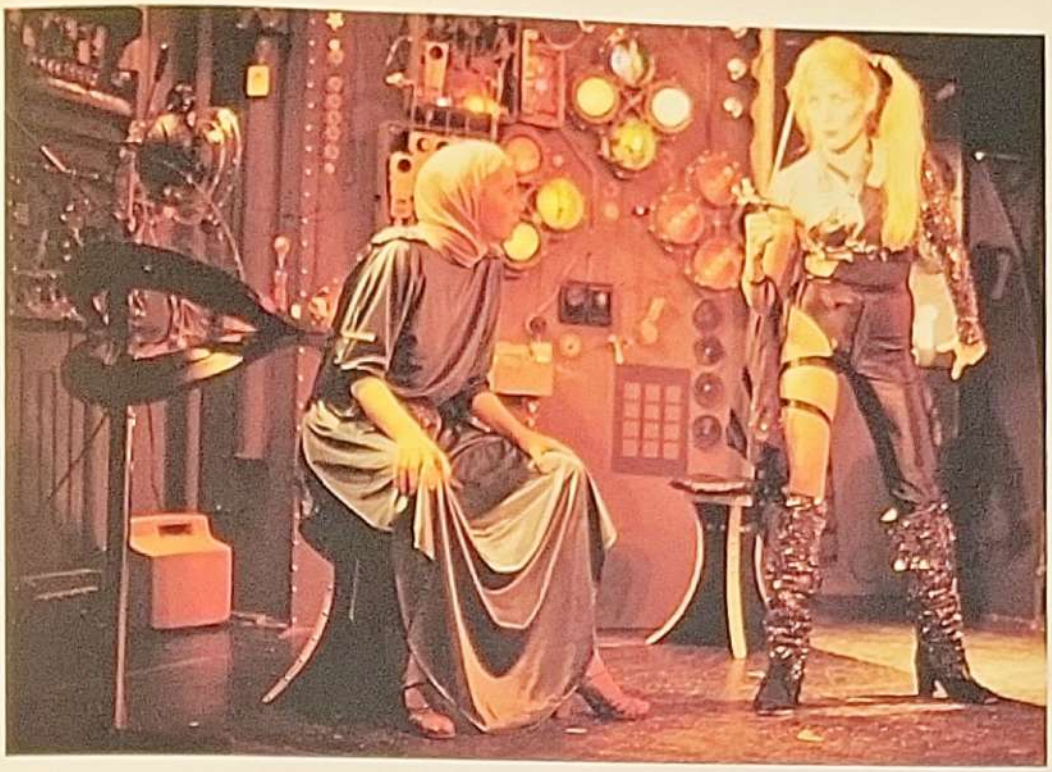


Dwannyun is Cut from the Bad Guy Lineup

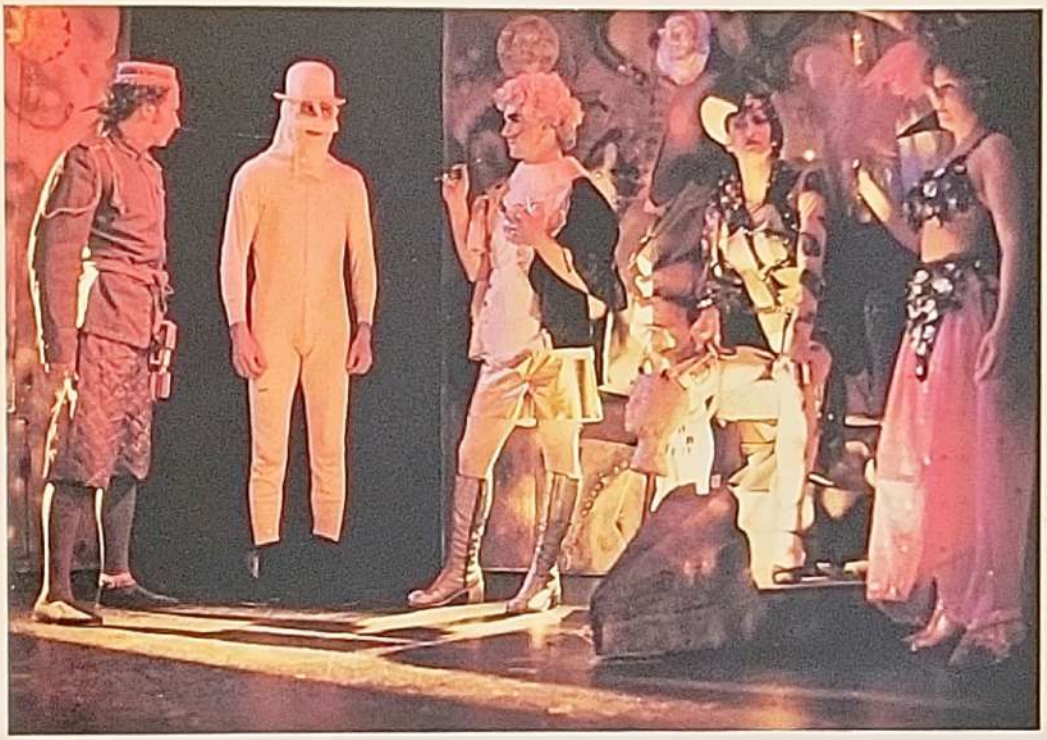


The Fate of the Free Universe Is in Our Hands

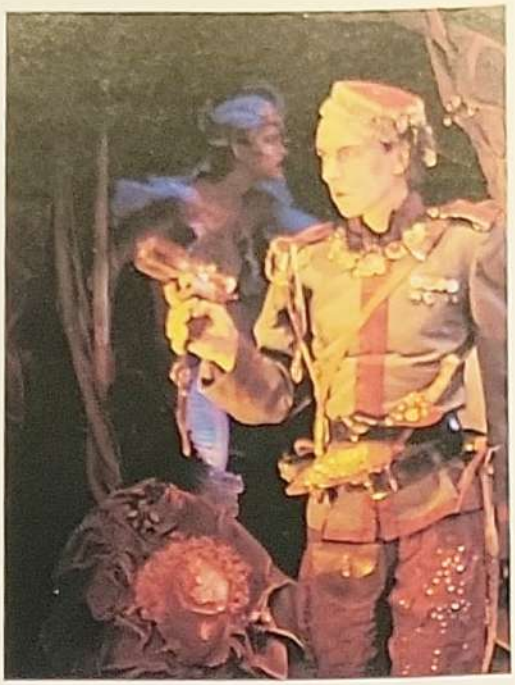
Brucilla Volunteers for the Mission



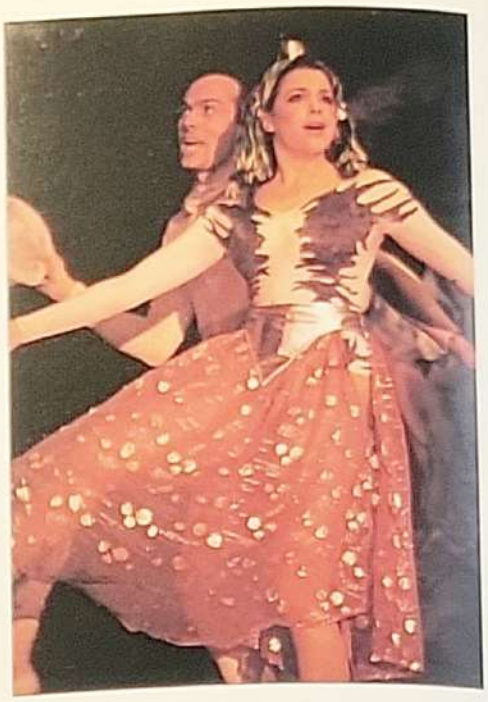
Galatia Reveals That Verloona is Her Villainous Sibling



Grad the Illegible Has Them Sneering in the Aisles

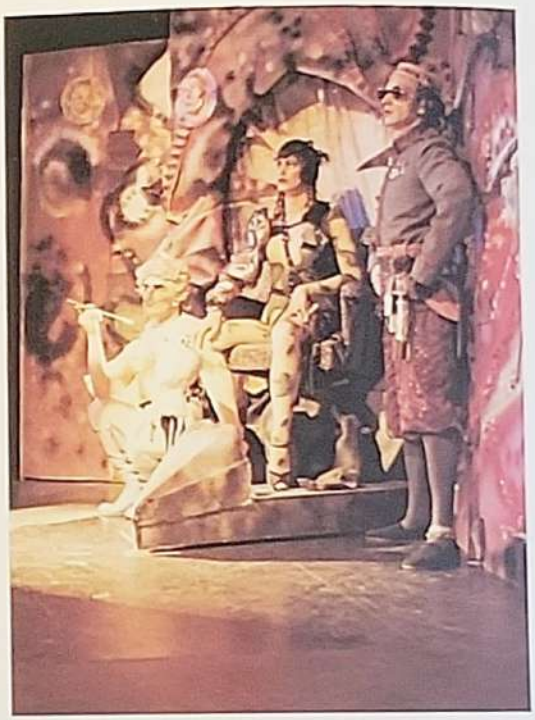


Kalif Is Not Impressed with
Dwannyun's Unnatural Act

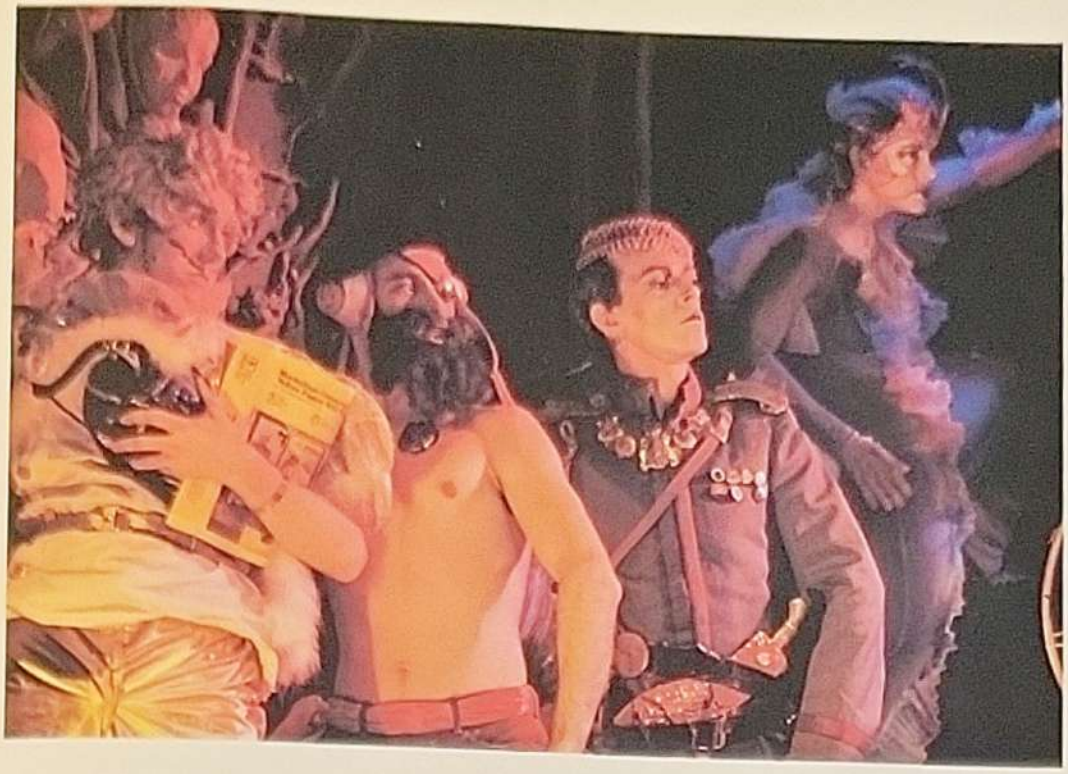


Dwannyun and Bru Sing a Song of
Days Gone by

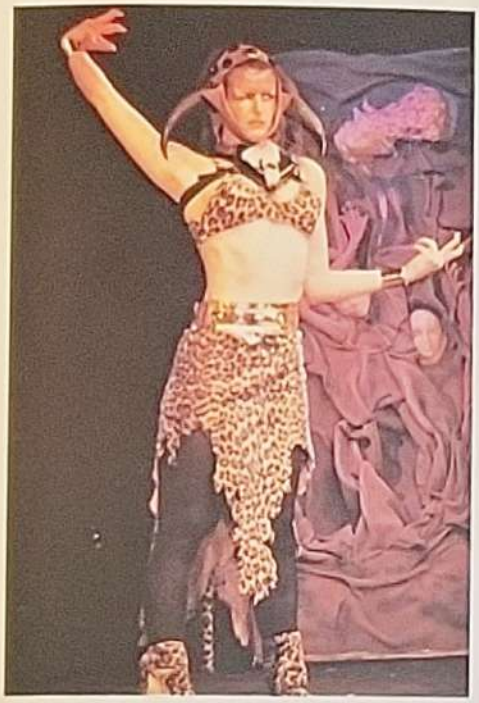
Erotica Ann Relays a Sordid Saga of
Lust and Slavery



Our Evildoers Await the Entrance of
Captain Chaos

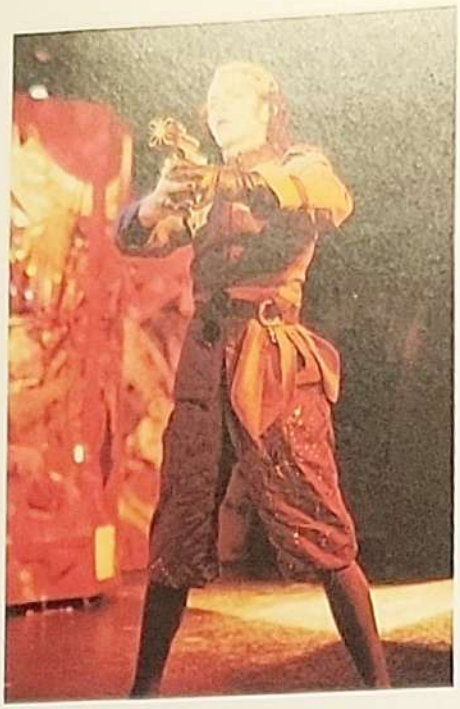


Chaos and Cronies Watch as Brucilla Battles Orga



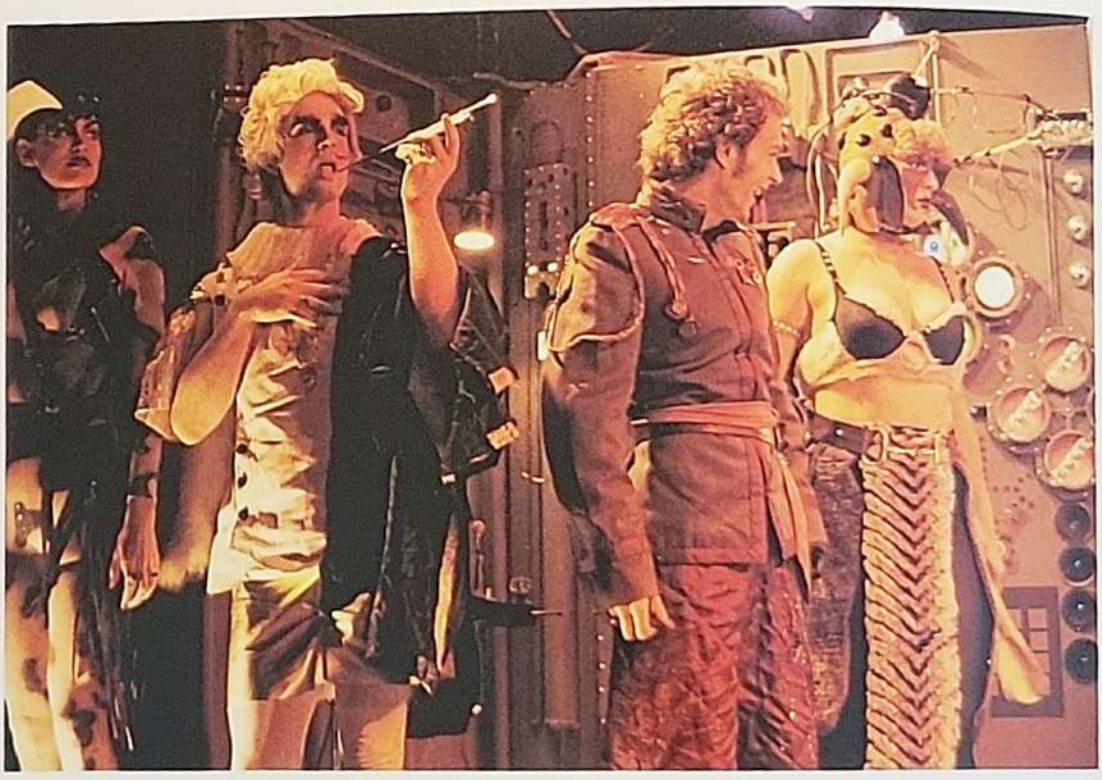
Orga the Killer Cyborg: Half Woman,
Half Machine, All Deadly

Dwannyun Contemplates the
Probable Termination of Galatia 9



Kalif Catches Dwannyun in the Act of Aiding the Enemy

Annie Turns the Tables on Her Would-be Boyfriend



The Bad Guys Take a Beating and a Bow

DWANNYUN: Gee whiz . . .

EEELUH: Yooooou must stop thiceces murderrrr . . . !

DWANNYUN: But I can't . . . my job . . . you know . . . I just got hired on . . . oh gee . . .

NORM: Shall I send Orga?

DWANNYUN: Gosh, I don't know . . .

NORM: (*As James Mason*) Orga! Section 19, double time! Small female type for immediate termination.

DWANNYUN: NO!!!

NORM: Too late.

DWANNYUN: Stop! Call her back!

NORM: (*Hal from* 2001) Afraid not.

EEELUH: Theee panel . . . there is an ooooooooooooooverride mechanisssssssssssm, sequence as follows: R-Bluuuuuuuuuue . . .

NORM: Keep your hands off that override, you traitorous twit!

EEELUH: L-Red, L-Bluuuuuuuuuuue . . . (DWANNYUN *is punching in the sequence*) . . . R-Whiiiiiiiiiiite . . .

NORM: (*As Hal*) Dwayne?

EEELUH: R-Siiiiiiiiiiiiiiilverrrrrrrr . . . . . .

NORM: (*As Hal*) Dwayne . . . ? Please stop.

EEELUH: L-Siiiiiiiiiiiiiiilverrr, R-Bluuuuuuue, L- . . .

NORM: (*As Hal*) I can't let you do that, Dwayne. (NORM *zaps* DWAYNE *with energy, paralyzing him, then throwing him down next to a phonebook.*)

EEELUH: . . . Yelloooooooooooooooow!

(*As* EEELUH *gives the last key,* DWANNYUN *strains to overcome the force and finally reaches* NORM*'s main panel and shoves the phonebook through it. Lights and weird sounds.*)

NORM: St-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-t-stop!!! I'm being flooded with MEMORIES! (*A blinking Pheobus System Phonebook appears on the screen.*) . . . oohhh . . . dear . . . what's happening . . . WHAT! (*Pictures of* ANNIE/GLORIANNA *flash on screen.*) . . . WHAT LIGHT THROUGH YONDER PROGRAM BREAKS!?! Ahh . . . I'm going numb-b-b-b-BERS!?! (*Phone numbers run over screen.*) . . .

faster than I can sort them! 5974231 Tommy Boyd Floater, Krystal Belt-Ah Ah Ah (GLORIANNA) YOU! 'TIS THE EAST AND PHEOBUS IS THE SUN! My circuits Throb! Why this sudden urge to have INTERFACE? Insufficient data insufficient data . . . ahh . . . there . . . there . . . there (*Screens throbbing with color.*)

DWANNYUN: (*Finishing sequence.*) There! That should do it!

KALIF: (*Enters with blaster.*) I'm afraid that won't do at all my fair-weather friend . . . but this should. Back away from that panel.

DWANNYUN: Uh-oh . . .

KALIF: That's not the half of it. (*To* EEELUH *as he turns up the drug level.*) Two-timing tuna.

EELUH: Ohhhhhhh . . .

KALIF: NORM! Orga still headed for section 19?

NORM: (*Passionately, with Irish accent*) Yes, yes yes, she said.

KALIF: Have her bring Galatia 9 to the throne room.

NORM: Yes! . . . yes! . . . oh! No? (*Confused*) But my orders were . . .

KALIF: NEW ORDERS, NORM! From Verloona's lips . . . to your ears . . . via me!

NORM: (*Panting*) But she seemed so-oh-OH certain . . .

KALIF: Circuits and diodes, Norm? . . . sub-space?

NORM: Yes, he said.

KALIF: Not smart, Griivar.

DWANNYUN: Oh . . . but you don't understand . . . I was just . . . it was just that . . .

KALIF: Better come up with something fast.

DWANNYUN: I just wanted a few more seconds to reconsider about the leeches?

KALIF: Do you really expect me to buy that hastily constructed bit of balderdash, you brainless boob!?

DWANNYUN: It was worth a try?

KALIF: Besides, I saw the whole scene.

DWANNYUN: Oh . . . well . . .

KALIF: As I said, not smart.

NORM: Ohhhhhh!

KALIF: (*Turns off* NORM*'s hearing.* NORM *lights out. We hear a sliding noise.*) Nighty-Noogins, NORM . . .

DWANNYUN: Geeze . . .

KALIF: You should have stuck with me. (*Admiring Krystal*) I'm going to need friends when I'm Consort-King of Pheobus at the side of my freeze-dried bride.

DWANNYUN: Freeze . . . dried . . . ?

KALIF: I might have made you a minister under my new regime. You blew it.

DWANNYUN: How about a second try?

KALIF: I'm afraid not. Kalif the Terrible, New and Most Improved Dread Dictator, will hardly have time for losers.

DWANNYUN: Dread Dicta . . .

KALIF: We could have had a lot of laughs.

DWANNYUN: Gee, that sounds . . .

KALIF: WELL TOUGH COOKIES! You've signed your own death warrent, DWANNYUN OF GRIIVARR!!!

DWANNYUN: Wait a ribec . . .

KALIF: And as soon as we're rid of those interfering insects from the Harpy, Verloona and that fatuous fruitcake will follow you.

DWANNYUN: But I thought you liked them?

KALIF: Well, Verloona's a lot of fun, you know . . . but she's the grandaughter of Molly Medea, the revolutionary who ousted my great-grandad, the Dread Dictator, and kept me from my BIRTH-RIGHT!!! . . . and that really burns me. Matter of honor, you know.

DWANNYUN: I can see . . .

KALIF: And as for Rah El, besides being a general pain in the neck, he's plotting to kill me. It's a matter of survival.

DWANNYUN: How do you get any sleep around . . .

KALIF: Besides . . . those two would be desirous of power and that just can't be. I was destined for the job of Supreme Dictator . . .

bred for it. The branches of my family tree have bent low for centuries with the weight of the powerful and the mighty. Listen in awe before you meet your doom, DWANNYUN OF GRIIVARR!!

DWANNYUN: . . . oh . . . sure . . .

KALIF: (KALIF*'s music up*) Of the five families of the nobility that survived the revolution, only the Bajars remain. Vegorian the Vain of the Vitrone Khromes, EXTERMINATED Cycle 151. Someone substituted a wrenchin face-eater for one of his toupés. Alphonsia of the Philesian Schlaffleys. Her off-spring fed to her as finger sandwiches . . . died, licked in a men's room . . . morbid fear of urinals, Alphonsia. Boldo 87, famous glutton of the Triton Line. Seems he downed a great deal of Zrentyun Yeast, though how that got into a pudding is anyone's guess. It swelled in his great churning gut . . . pushed up into his fear-tightened throat . . . SUFFOCATION. Spartus Avaricious of High Kolonia . . . a tragic fall from the roof of his summer palace on Opus 6 . . . impaled upon a golden spike, on which was his wont to display the heads of his enemies . . . gentle soul, Spartus. Only Verloona, that Underclass Upstart, stands in my way. Verloona's beauty secret? She injects herself with living fluid, distilled from the tiny pink glands of fledgling Girl Guides. Perhaps some Pryfromian Amoeba will find their way into her grisley serum. Her pores will swell to the size of basketballs . . . she'll die of embarrassment. And YOU, Griivarr . . . the ghastly fates of these mighty ones pale before the grim near-future that awaits you, DWANNYUN OF GRIIVARR!!! Kneel before me you spineless speck of syphlitic sperm and KNOW MY WRATH!!!

VERLOONA: (*Entering*) What is the meaning of this, Kalif?

KALIF: It seems our rookie wrongdoer was caught in the act of aiding and abetting the enemy.

VERLOONA: How?

KALIF: By saving the worthless hide of one Galatia 9, Captain of the Harpy.

VERLOONA: Galatia 9? Here! On my ship!?! Why wasn't this reported to me? Norm, report. (*Doesn't wait, turns on Dwannyun.*) You dare betray Verloona, Queen of the Cosmos!?!

DWANNYUN: Well . . . actually . . .

VERLOONA: SILENCE! You have committed the most grievous of errors. You have upset Verloona. (VERLOONA *rips the medals from* DWANNYUN*'s chest.*)

DWANNYUN: Ouch! (KALIF *sneaks over to turn* NORM*'s hearing on.*)

NORM: (*James Cagney in* Mr. Roberts) Who did that?

DWANNYUN: . . . oh . . . gee . . .

VERLOONA: NORM! The whereabouts of Galatia 9! Report!

NORM: Oh, she's there . . . there . . . THERE . . .

VERLOONA: Report, NORM!

NORM: No . . . she's lower . . . lower . . . lower.

VERLOONA: I think I said REPORT! (*She kicks his main panel.*)

NORM: (*Clearly*) Thanks. I needed that. Section 19 Deck Three.

VERLOONA: Terminate!

NORM: But Kalif said . . .

KALIF: Uh . . . Your Evilness . . .

VERLOONA: YES, NORM! What did Kalif say?

NORM: He said to have Orga bring Galatia 9 to the throne room . . . YOUR orders he said.

KALIF: . . . uh . . . REMAINS!!! I said to bring her REMAINS to the throne room. I wanted it to be a surprise.

VERLOONA: (*Throws the whip around* KALIF*'s neck and pulls it tight.*) TERMINATE, NORM. Report back to me when it's finished. And NORM?

NORM: Yes, Your Vileness?

VERLOONA: Have Orga throw her remains to the leeches.

NORM: Yes, Verloona.

VERLOONA: Another surprise like that, my little Desert Deserter, and you're up void alley without a pressure suit.

KALIF: (KALIF *pulls the Krystal from his jacket and dangles it in front of* VERLOONA. *She lets go of the whip. He gasps.*) . . . surprise . . . !

VERLOONA: Ooooh! What's this . . . ?

KALIF: Oh, this? Just a source of mighty power . . .

VERLOONA: . . . Gee . . . Great . . . (*Puts it around her neck.*) Thanks.

KALIF: Don't mention it.

VERLOONA: AND YOU! (*Turning on* DWANNYUN.) What will we do with you?

KALIF: If I could suggest . . .

VERLOONA: Sit, Kalif. (*He does.* VERLOONA *circles* DWANNYUN.) You are trying to give us worry lines. We shall think of some way to make Verloona feel her young self again.

DWANNYUN: . . . oh . . .

KALIF: If I might suggest, Awesome Leader?

VERLOONA: You may.

KALIF: THE RAY, DIVINE ONE? (*Each time* The Ray *is mentioned, the Ray, hanging above, lights up.*) Use the Krystal to power The Ray!

VERLOONA: Oh, yes . . . THE RAY.

DWANNYUN: Uh . . . what ray?

VERLOONA: A new toy.

KALIF: Verloona's greatest and most diabolical weapon to date!

VERLOONA: We conceived it ourself.

KALIF: Brilliant!

VERLOONA: We just had it built.

KALIF: A Verloona Original!

VERLOONA: A test run?

KALIF: Exactly what I had in mind!

VERLOONA: NORM! Plot a course for the nearest inhabited planet!

NORM: That would be Earth, Fairest of the Foul.

KALIF: Perfect.

DWANNYUN: Earth?! Oh . . . geeze!

VERLOONA: NORM! Establish contact with the Harpy! Before this malton unit's end . . . I'll blow that blight called Earth out of the void, render Bronwyn of the veil into my Siren ship, and think of something . . . delightful . . . for Dwannyun of Griivarr! (*To* KALIF) YOU! Take care of Brucilla! We never take on more than we can handle with ease.

KALIF: To what shall I compare thine mind?

VERLOONA: KRYSTAL is muddy!

NORM: Verloona? Bridge of the Harpy on Line 1.

VERLOONA: LET'S HAVE SOME VISUAL, NORM. We're going to enjoy this!

(Lights out)

Scene 4

*(*ANNIE *and* BRONWYN *appear in a spot as the set changes back to the Section 13 set. They appear to be on the bridge of the Harpy, watching* VERLOONA *and* KALIF *on the screen over the audience. The voices of* KALIF *and* VERLOONA *are taped.)*

KALIF: We'd like to make it clear . . .

VERLOONA: . . . A plan is KRYSTAL-izing . . .

KALIF: . . . KRYSTAL clear, as a little droid's cold glass heart.

VERLOONA: KALIF! You KNOW this vat-grown, mail-order slot machine?

EROTICA: get to the point, verloona.

VERLOONA: The little droidlet wants us to get to the point.

KALIF: Ahhh . . . will that be GUN point . . .

VERLOONA: . . . or KNIFE point?

KALIF: We hate to POINT the finger, but it seems to be your move . . . right, Griivarr?

DWANNYUN: Geeze . . . you got . . . I don't . . .

BRONWYN: Who's the kid in the chains?

VERLOONA: Oh, he's just one of MOTHER's little helpers. *(Outrageous laughter from* KALIF *and* VERLOONA.*)*

KALIF: We caught him with his naughty little fingers in the cookie jar.

VERLOONA: And Verloona is going to SLAP his itsy hands.

BRONWYN: Try to make sense, will ya?

VERLOONA: I think she SENSES something's up.

KALIF: . . . and what goes up . . . ?

VERLOONA: Exactly! . . . with a BANG!!!

KALIF: . . . more like a BOOM!!!

EROTICA: what?

KALIF: Are you going to tell them?

VERLOONA: We'll tell them together, Sweetums.

KALIF: Oh, RAPTURE!

VERLOONA: My greatest weapon . . .

KALIF: . . . All new.

VERLOONA: Verloona's All-New-Too-Good-To-Be-True RAY!!! (*They dissolve with laughter.*)

EROTICA: too-good-to-be-true RAY?

DWANNYUN: You've gotta stop them! The RAY!!! Useless destruction! THE END OF EARTH! They've got Bru! They've got your Captain! The FATE of the FREE UNIVERSE is in YOUR HANDS!!!!

VERLOONA: Silence, wretch! You'll pay for this with your worthless hide!

DWANNYUN: OUCH!

(*Contact with Siren 3 ends abruptly.*)

BRONWYN: Shit.

EROTICA: transmission seems to have been terminated.

BRONWYN: Shit.

EROTICA: we have, it seems to me, only one reasonable choice. that is as follows: you hold down the fort and I'll board the Siren and free the others. if I'm not back by 0700, kick into self-destruct and I'll catch you in another incarnation.

BRONWYN: Self-destruct?

EROTICA: you got it. all you have to remember is . . .

BRONWYN: Wait! Why don't you hold down the fort and I'll . . .

EROTICA: that is not reasonable.

BRONWYN: Verloona wants ME! I can't sit here and watch that noxious no-good pick us off one at a time!

EROTICA: then do what you must.

BRONWYN: I'm not that much of a coward!

EROTICA: if you got to, you got to.

Bronwyn: I'm not . . . (*Lights. Dramatic music.*) It was an ordinary day . . . not unlike any other. I was STARFORCE Syz-Imix Smash Team Junior Psycho-strategist, trained in the Urr Method to absorb and neutralize psychic attack . . . just a hard-working kid, trying to work my way up in the ranks. As I said . . . it was an ordinary day . . . SUDDENLY, the RED ALERT was activated! I remember thinking to myself as I hustled out of the head, sweat pouring from my brow, "Kid, this is no ordinary day! This is the "Chance you've been waiting for! The chance to prove yourself!" We hustled to our stations, keeping cool. If there was danger looming, no one showed it. WHAT A CREW WE HAD! All of a sudden, the second lieutenant rushed in—"WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! IT'S THE KRYLON MIND-RENDERS!" Everyone scrambled, lights flashed, a control board blew, BLAMMM! Then BLAMMM!!! We were hit with a wavering green light that bounced us about the bridge like a bunch of BB's in a tin cup! I knew it was up to me to save the ship. I switched my board to remote, took a deep breath, SUDDENLY, a humming filled my head . . . THE MIND-RENDER! The molecules of my body seemed to rip apart and whorl about me! My nerves exploded like cherry bombs! And I . . . and I . . .

Erotica: and?

Bronwyn: I crapped out. I turned and ran for the starboard lock and I stumbled . . . I stumbled . . .

Erotica: you stumbled?

Bronwyn: I fell and hit my head on the lazatron stabilizer module . . . passed out. When I came to, my ship had been reduced to a fond memory and what was left of the crew had the combined IQ of a Proothian Protozoid. All except for me . . . Bronwyn . . . sole survivor and Class A Coward. They called me a hero . . . and I kept mum. I finished out my tour of duty and left STARFORCE for the quiet confines of comet cloister where I intended to live out my days meditating in blissful union with the void. SO YOU SEE! I HAVE TO GO!

Erotica: then go already.

Bronwyn: Besides . . . I don't know to drive the ship!

(*Lights out. Music.*)

Scene 5

Rah El: GIVE ME THAT KRYSTAL! "For the zillionth time, I haven't seen your old Krystal. "DO YOU THINK I WOULD MISPLACE SO POWERFUL A . . . "I don't know, Rah El, you really haven't been yourself lately . . . "

Kalif: (*From offstage*) RAH EL!

RAH EL: (*Gets up quickly.* RAH EL *again.*) Yes?

BRUCILLA: Geeze! Never thought I'd be happy to see that sleazy sonofagun!

KALIF: Hey, Brucilla? Good news from Verloona. She's got something she wants you to see before we do away with you.

BRUCILLA: Thanks, but I think I've seen enough for one day.

RAH EL: Keep your comments to yourself you. (*To* KALIF) We never get to have any fun. Verloona is always butting in.

KALIF: But this time she's right. She's setting up the screening room.

RAH EL: Oh boy, it's showtime!

KALIF: You do like movies don't you, Brucilla?

RAH EL: Showtime!!!

KALIF: Home movies, so to speak. (*Laughs wickedly.*)

BRUCILLA: What are you talking about, Bajar?

KALIF: You know, like back on Earth. In fact, that's our first feature. It's called *The Day the Earth Blew Up*. And you're invited to the premiere.

RAH EL: You'll love it.

KALIF: It's just too bad that none of your relatives in . . . uh . . . what's the name of that place again? You know, where all your disgusting family lives?

BRUCILLA: Kansas. What's it to ya?

KALIF: Oh, right. Kansas. Too bad none of your relatives in KANSAS will be able to see it.

RAH EL: Yeah, too bad.

BRUCILLA: Why you . . .

KALIF: Quiet, or you'll miss the story line.

BRUCILLA: Vermin!

RAH EL: Vermin . . . I like it.

KALIF: As I was saying. The story is that there is this very powerful destruction ray pointed at the Earth, and this place KANSAS is the first to go. You like it so far?

BRUCILLA: You're gonna regret this, you diabolical descendant of a camel jockey!

RAH EL: Boring, Brucilla.

KALIF: Yeah, and may the Dread Darnoid Drone make his nest in your breastplate.

RAH EL: I guess you told her. Ditto you tedious little tattle-tale.

BRUCILLA: Same to you, you pitiful, repugnant, little parasite.

RAH EL: Boring! Boring! Boring!

KALIF: We're wasting precious time. Verloona is waiting, and you know how she hates to be kept waiting.

RAH EL: Push, push, push! Everybody pushes me! I can't take much more of this monotony.

BRUCILLA: Kalif? Trust me, don't push him.

KALIF: Listen Brat . . . you won't be talking so big when you see the whole of Kansas and your dear, disgusting Aunt Emiline's ass being blown into the next galaxy!

BRUCILLA: What did you say?!!!

RAH EL: What's wrong, boring? Did we hit a soft spot?

BRUCILLA: Leave my Aunt Emiline out of this!

RAH EL: Aunt Emiline . . . Booooooooom!!!

BRUCILLA: VARLET! I'm gonna mutilate you . . . you . . .

KALIF: Auntie's ass will be cosmic debris in a matter of martrons.

BRUCILLA: I'm warning you, Bajar!

RAH EL: Boring is warning us. You're so tiresome. So is your Aunt Emiline.

BRUCILLA: I'm talking pissed.

KALIF: Hey, Bicep Brain . . . Aunt Emiline wears Bromoquo Suspension boots.

RAH EL: Ditto!

BRUCILLA: THAT DOES IT!!! (BRUCILLA *breaks her bonds, grabs* RAH EL *and* KALIF, *and proceeds to wipe up the ship with them. She then throws the lever, the panel opens, and the platform rolls out, minus* GLORIANNA. *The* "GLORIANNA" *sign has been replaced*

with a sign that reads "GONE." *Exit* BRU *as the platform disappears.*)

NORM: (*As Carl Sagan*) Verloona? I have the report on your new Krystal. (GALATIA 9 *runs on and bends to inspect the bodies.*) It's quite rare . . . from the Pheobus System Krystal Belt Mining Operations. (GALATIA *jerks upright.*) Only a few of this type exist! (GALATIA *holds up her own Krystal.*) And Verloona? We have another one . . . Vault 7, Section 9, Deck 31! (RAH EL *wakes and creeps toward the lever as* GALATIA *speaks.*)

GALATIA: (*Into communicator*) Captain to Evie. What's the word on Bru?

EVIE: Negatory, Cap. No answer.

GALATIA: Keep trying. (RAH ELS *throws switch. Platform rolls out, this time holding* ORGA *posing as a body builder. The sign reads "ORGA".) I'm on the move. Destination: Deck 31, Vault 7, Section 9.* (ORGA *lifts* RAH EL, *who has gone rigid with fear, puts him on platform, and throws lever. He rolls away.*) Gotta see a gal about a Krystal. Captain out.

(*At this,* ORGA, *who has moved behind* GALATIA, *swings and sends the* CAP *reeling. The fight begins,* ORGA *attacking,* GALATIA *dodging. During this,* KALIF *pops up, opens a second panel revealing* GLORIANNA, *and disappears with the Prime Minister.* ORGA *is holding* GALATIA *by the feet and is shaking her. In a desperate attempt to save herself, the* CAP *reaches up and rips the control panel from* ORGA's *chest.* ORGA *roars, drops* GALATIA, *and rages about, moving like an out-of-whack Harryhausen model.* GALATIA *backs away from* ORGA *until she reaches the lever. She throws it.* RAH EL *rolls out.* GALATIA *jumps onto the platform, pushes* RAH EL *at the Cyborg, and rolls back into the wall behind the panel.* ORGA *stops dead.* ORGA *looks down at* RAH EL. RAH EL *looks up at* ORGA.)

ORGA: ORGA LOVE!

RAH EL: Uh-oh. (ORGA *picks up* RAH EL *and exits.*)

NORM: (*As Walter Winchell, during set change*) FLASH! Recent studies point to the possibility that the KRYSTAL, lately obtained by our Beloved Leader, may be one-third of the mythical MOTHER KRYSTAL! Legend has it that the person who holds ALL THREE KRYSTALS holds the Fate of the Free Universe in her hands . . . AND, Most Malign and Mighty, You have two of th . . . Oh! What's that? WAIT! Stop! Stop that! Stop or I'll . . . I'll . . . I'll . . .

Scene 6

(*The Siren 3. Lights up on* BRONWYN *as she rips the guts out of* NORM's *main panel.*)

BRONWYN: I'm afraid you won't do anything. I've disconnected your motor control.

NORM: (*As Captain Kirk*) You mean I'm . . . give it to me straight . . . paralyzed? Forced to live as half a brain? Never to explore strange new worlds, to seek our new life and new civilizations and boldly destroy them?!

BRONWYN: Shut up or shut down.

NORM: Okay.

BRONWYN: Okay, Eeeeeeeeeluh! How do I get you out of this thing?

EEELUH: Youuuuuuuu don't, Sister Beeeeeeeeee. The force that binds me here ieeees tooooo strong.

BRONWYN: What force?

EEELUH: I am part of a lieeeeving whole. Tooooo freeee meeee, thou must breeeng about theee destruction of theee whole.

BRONWYN: Huh?

EEELUH: Find theee Girl Guiiiiiiiides! Reason with them.

BRONWYN: Find them?! They're everywhere! How can you reason with a wall?

EEELUH: Siiiiiiiister! Dost thou see nothing past theeeee flesh? Speak to thee sooouuuuls that are held captiiiiiive . . . that must hang between dimensions as loooong as theiiir flesh lieeeeves. Tell them to activate self-destruct.

BRONWYN: You mean, talk em into cashin' it in! Windin' it up?! Suicide!?!

EEELUH: Biiiiiiingo! Theiiir spirieeets must be set freee. They must reeemaaain in bondage nooo looooooonger!

BRONWYN: Geeze! What a neat way of looking at it. I woulda just said, "Blow yourselves up."

EEELUH: Weee must lieeenk our syyyynapses . . . ohhhh . . . aaahhhhh . . .

BRONWYN: What's happening?

EEELUH: Ohhh . . . theee drug! Thee drug! aahhhhhhhhhhh . . .

BRONWYN: Holy Moly!

EEELUH: Eeeeeeeeeluhhh cannot fieeeeeeght thieeeessss . . . alooone . . . Ohhhhhh!

BRONWYN: (*Praying*) Evasive and external Goddess, I doubt that thou art in the random void. Yea, though I doubt . . . I pray for intervention . . . send me . . . uh . . . I mean grant me . . . no, enlighten me . . . SEND HELP, GREAT MOTHER! What's the plan from the Holy Grid? (*Nothing*)

EEELUH: And the word was made void and abandoned us! (*At this point,* ORGA *comes through, dragging* RAH EL *to Certain Love.*)

BRONWYN: Shit. ELUH! The Urr method mind link! (*Dramatic music. She raises her arms and places her open palms on* EEELUH*'s tank.*) Sister! Come to me! My thoughts are . . . COME ON! You know the routine!

EEELUH: . . . arrrrggghhhhhhhhhh . . .

BRONWYN: "My thoughts are yours!"

EEELUH: "My senses are . . . yours . . . "

BRONWYN: . . . Ohhhhhh. (*Drug hits* BRONWYN *like a ton of bricks.*) . . . This is . . . ohhh . . . got . . . to . . . fight . . . this . . . got . . . to . . . "My thoughts are yours . . . "

EEELUH: "My senses are yours . . . "

BRONWYN: (*Fighting the drug*) "We are one!"

EEELUH: "We are one!"

BOTH: "Weee Arrrre One!!!" (*Sounds and lights throbbing*) Sisters! Girl Spirits! Feel us! Be with us! Sisters! Be with us! (*Cosmic Girl Guide whispers*) We come to bring you peace!! Be with us! Be with us! Beeeeee . . . Ahhhhhhhhh . . .

EEELUH: (*Girl Guides speak through and with* EEELUH.) Withdraw Bronwyn, they are with us!!!

BRONWYN: (*Wrenches away from the glass.*) Arggghh . . . Right! (*Snaps out of it.*) Hello? What? Who?

EEELUH: (*With Guides*) Bronwyn! Speak with us! (*Sounds are muddy and overlapping*) Speeee . . . What doooo youuuuuuu waaaaaaant? What do youuuuu waaann . . . do you . . . (*Suddenly, in clear unison*) WE ARE HERE, SISTERS. WHAT WOULD YOU COMMUNICATE?

BRONWYN: Right! Uh . . . Listen up, 'cause we haven't got a marbec to spare!

EEELUH: (*With Guides*) Yeeeeeees!

BRONWYN: Right! Come on, Bronwyn, time for a little lucidity! Okey-dokey! We're all in this together, right?

EEELUH: Right.

BRONWYN: I can't hear you.

EEELUH: RIGHT!

BRONWYN: Better. We all serve the Great Mother, yes?

EEELUH: Yes!

BRONWYN: Wrong, Kids! Ever since Verloona bound you to her ship, you've been serving her and NOT the Mother!

EEELUH: Ohhhh Noooo!

BRONWYN: Oh, YES! If that Vipress isn't stopped, and I do mean STOPPED, we're all gonna be in a black hole without a turbulator reverb activator! You get my meaning? Comprende?

EEELUH: You are understood, Sister.

BRONWYN: Great! Now I'm gonna break the next big flash on you. There's only ONE way out of this, and it's your move. NOW, you know what you have to do?

EEELUH: Yeees . . . the end . . . destruction . . . disperrrrsal . . . devastaaation . . . dissipaaation . . . annihilaaaation . . . DEATH.

BRONWYN: Exactly.

EEELUH: Forrrrrget it!

BRONWYN: Huh?

EEELUH: Watch our lips . . . We think we said forrrget it!

BRONWYN: Why you miserable, selfish, little ingrates! You've forgotten your roots! You've messed up BIG TIME!

EEELUH: Oh, go split a Heliotron!

BRONWYN: ALL RIGHT! This is Bronwyn of the Veil talking! And the message for the day is knuckles and know-how! Now listen up and listen good! This universe is going to pass away in a forgotten vapor in a matter of MARTRONS, because YOU LITTLE CREEPS have decided to work for Verloona and her Bone-Brained Bunkies! Whatever happened to, "I promise to do my duty to the Mother and to my Universe?" Remember that, Kids? It is the MOTHER's WILL that you self-destruct! Now . . . whatdya say, kids? Are you with me? I can't hear you!

EEELUH: Yessss, we will disperse our unity, scatter our consciousness . . .

BRONWYN: Thanks, Sisters! May we meet again!

EEELUH: In perfect trust. (*Gives the sign of the Mother.*)

BRONWYN: Truth as far as it goes. (*Gives the Girl Guide salute.*)

EEELUH: Perfect.

BRONWYN: Farewell!

EEELUH: See ya!

BRONWYN: Begin self-destruct.

EEELUH: EEEEEEEEEEEEyyyyyyyyyyOWWWWWWWWW!!! (EEELUH *is herself again. She falls out of the tank and* BRONWYN *catches her. The ship begins to smoke and rumble.*)

BRONWYN: Look! We did it!

NORM: (*As Edward G. Robinson*) Mother of Mercy! Is this the end of Rico?

Scene 7

(VERLOONA *in a Siren Corridor. A large sign reads, "Deck 31, Section 9." The Ray is descending from the ceiling. The siren is smoking and turning red.*)

GALATIA: (*Enters*) Nice try, Maggie, but it's no dice. Drop the Krystal. (GALATIA *moves toward* VERLOONA.)

VERLOONA: NORM! VARY THE GRAVITY!

NORM: But, Verloona . . .

VERLOONA: NORM!!! (VERLOONA *pops the Krystal into the Ray. It begins to activate. Music up. The fight begins.* GALATIA *draws her sword and* VERLOONA *grabs rapier and dagger from the wall.* VERLOONA *seems to be winning the battle. She has* GALATIA *bent back over the Ray.* GALATIA *pulls the Krystal out of the Ray and pushes* VERLOONA *off.* VERLOONA *grabs* GALATIA*'s Krystal and pulls it off her neck.*)

NORM: WARNING WARNING! ANOTHER INTRUDER! WE'RE CRAWLING WITH THEM, GREAT ONE! CHIEFTESS, WE'RE . . . ANALYZE! ANALYZE! SMOOTH BODY, IMPUDENT NOSE? A . . . A . . . A . . . GLORIOUS . . . ANNIE? OH, OH, OH! ANNIE-GLORI-ANNIE-GLORI-ANNIE-GLORI GLORIOUS GLORIOUS ANNIE! (*Breathing heavily*) I'VE GOT SOMETHING FOR YOU, DARLING . . . SOMETHING YOU WANT . . . SOMETHING YOU NEED . . . I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER, MON PETITE DISQUETTE, MY LITTLE LOVE MACHINE . . . I HAVE THE KEY TO YOUR HEART . . . COME TO THE THRONE ROOM . . . THAT'S RIGHT . . . THAT'S THE WAY . . . COME TO THE THRONE ROOM . . .

FIND MY CORE . . . AHHHHHHH . . . YES . . . YOU'RE GETTING WARMER . . . WARMER . . . NO, A LITTLE OVER THERE . . . THERE . . . THERE . . . AHHHHH . . . COME TO THE THRONE ROOM . . . NOW, OPEN, OPEN, OPEN THAT . . . YES . . . AHH . . . SYSTEMS MERGE! SYSTEMS MERGE! SYSTEMS MERGE! AHHHHHHHH . . . AHHHHHHHHH . . . AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! (NORM *continues to sigh and moan.*)

(*The fight has been raging during* NORM*'s ecstatic rambling.* VERLOONA *has managed to get the other Krystal into the Ray. She disarms* GALATIA. GALATIA *throws her Krystal at* VERLOONA*, grabs her weapon, and jams it into the Ray, which sparks and sputters out.* VERLOONA *screams and attacks. She drives* GALATIA *away from the Ray and grabs the Krystal. She now has both of them. She backs toward the panel lever, weapons poised.*)

VERLOONA: You'll be seeing me, Sister. Every time you bed down for the sleep cycle, you'll look out into the void and wonder if I'm out there. One unit, I will be.

(*She throws the lever and BOOM! It blows up.* VERLOONA *is thrown forward onto the floor.* GALATIA *prepares to strike.*)

BRUCILLA: (*Rushing in*) Wait, Cap! She's got the boy!

GALATIA: What boy?

BRUCILLA: No time to explain! (*To* VERLOONA) Awright, you putrid pile o' protoplasm, where's the boy?

VERLOONA: What boy?

BRUCILLA: Spill your guts or I'll turn your face into cream o'wheat!

VERLOONA: Section 4, Lock 18.

BRUCILLA: Thanks. (*She decks* VERLOONA. CAP *grabs the Krystals.*)

GALATIA: This way! (*They exit.*)

NORM: (*As Ronald Coleman*) "TIS A FAR, FAR BETTER THING I DO THAN I HAVE EVER DONE . . . 'TIS A FAR, FAR BETTER REST I GO TO THAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN . . . AHHHHH . . . HOW IS IT FOR YOU? AHHHHHHHHH . . . AHHHHHHH . . .

Scene 8

(*The Throne Room.* BRONWYN *is struggling to get* EEELUH *out. The ship is steaming. Fog covers the floor.* NORM *sings.*)

NORM: I'm in the mood for love . . .

BRONWYN: Here we go, Eeeluh. Simple enough . . .

NORM: . . . simply because you're near me.

BRONWYN: . . . and they said I couldn't . . .

BRON/KAL: . . . do it. (KALIF *has entered with* GLORIANNA *and is pointing a blaster at* BRONWYN.)

BRONWYN: Uh-oh.

KALIF: And KALIF says you can't do it, Sister BRONWYN OF THE COSMIC VEIL!!!!!

BRONWYN: O Absent Mother, I am heartily sorry for having pretended thee!

KALIF: Going somewhere, Sister?

BRONWYN: Actually I was just . . .

KALIF: Trying to confiscate our very valuable alarm system? I can't let you do that. It would seem that my little alliance with Verloona is about to blow sky high. I need time. I need you to buy it for me. I need, in a word, HOSTAGES!!!

BRONWYN: KALIF! You don't mind if I call you Kalif, do you?

KALIF: Please.

BRONWYN: Okay, Kalif . . . This is the first time in my life that I've ever . . . you know . . . been assertive, aggressive, gotten it together . . . and I can't let you ruin it for me. So, be a pal and let me do what I gotta do. (*Starts to drag* EEELUH *off.*)

KALIF: You ever hear the expression, "A fish in hand is worth two in a getaway pod?

BRONWYN: Can't say as I . . .

KALIF: How about, "A fish in time saves Kalif's ass?"

BRONWYN: Listen, I'd really love to stick around and chat . . . but the walls are starting to perspire and it's making me really nervous.

KALIF: I must tell you that if you take one more step, I'll have to BLOW YOU AWAY!!!!!

BRONWYN: Gosh . . . well, that's very different.

KALIF: You're beginning to see reason, Sister. And now, if you'll be so kind as to back toward that exit . . .

NORM: (*As Bogart*) The problems of two little droids don't amount to a hill of beams in this crazy galaxy . . .

BRONWYN: No . . . NO, I can't. A gal's gotta do what a gal's gotta do. Sorry.

KALIF: So am I . . .

NORM: Here's lookin' at you, kid. (*As* KALIF *raises his blaster,* NORM*'s central column opens to reveal* EROTICA ANN. NORM*'s huge, glowing brain throbs above her, and attached to her are tentacle-like nerve ganglia.*)

KALIF: Sleep tight, Sister BRONWYN OF THE COSMIC VEIL.

EROTICA: (*Stepping out*) STOP!

BRONWYN: Annie!

KALIF: You!?! (RAH EL *enters, sees* GLORIANNA, *wheels her off.*)

EROTICA: I've come back to you, Master.

KALIF: But I thought . . .

EROTICA: I have returned to you, Master . . . and I feel . . . I feel . . .

KALIF: Feel?

EROTICA: I feel for you, Master . . . all for you. (BRONWYN *tries to sneak away with* EELUH.)

KALIF: HALT! (*To* ANNIE) I'll be with you in a flash, my lovely.

EROTICA: No, Kalif! Why waste time with these two, when you can be with me?

KALIF: I'll be with you in . . . I mean, I have to . . .

EROTICA: (*Seductively*) Kalif?

KALIF: But this is business!

EROTICA: Kalif?

KALIF: (*Trembling*) Yes?

EROTICA: Take me as hostage.

KALIF: Take . . . ?

EROTICA: Take me, Kalif. I want you to take me.

KALIF: And I want to take . . .

EROTICA: Let these mere insects go. Have me, instead. What harm could they do the mighty Kalif?

KALIF: (*Very distracted*) But . . . they . . .

EROTICA: I feel now, Kalif. (*Exit* BRONWYN *and* EELUH) I feel for you.

KALIF: (*In a trance*) . . . yes.

EROTICA: We'll go together, Kalif . . . just the two of us . . .

KALIF: It's been a long time.

EROTICA: I know.

KALIF: A long, long time.

EROTICA: What are we waiting for?

KALIF: Nothing!

EROTICA: Come to me. (*She holds her arms out. He walks into them. She embraces him.*)

KALIF: BLISS!

EROTICA: I feel now, Kalif. (*She hugs him harder.*)

KALIF: . . . that's a little . . .

EROTICA: (*Much emotion in voice*) I FEEL!

KALIF: Wait! . . . You're crushing meeeiiiiggghhhhhhhhhhh!!!!

EROTICA: I feel for YOU, Kalif!

KALIF: Arrrrrggghhhhhh! Noooooooooo!

EROTICA: I feel ANGER! (*Hits him*) I FEEL HATRED!! I FEEL RA-A-A-AGE!!! (*Flattens him*) I feel a very strong need for revenge!

KALIF: (*Choking*) uhhhhhhhhch . . .

EROTICA: We'll go now, Kalif . . . together . . . just the two of us . . . (*She drags him out.*) The two of us . . . the two of us . . . just the two of us . . .

Scene 9

(*Siren corridor. An arrow-shaped sign says, "Ejection pod this way."* DWANNYUN *is chained to wall. The ship is steaming and throbbing.*)

DWANNYUN: This is the exciting climax!

BRUCILLA: (*Runs in. Sees* DWANNYUN.) Hey, Cap! Over here! (GALATIA *enters on one side,* ORGA *the other.*)

ORGA: ORGA KILL!

BRUCILLA: You again, sweet thing?

GALATIA: You get the boy and I'll take care of Frankenstein's bride!

BRUCILLA: Nothin' doin', Cap! This one's mine! Come on, Big Gal! I'm gonna pulverize ya!

ORGA: Yargggh!

(*The fight begins.* GALATIA *runs to save* DWANNYUN.)

NORM: Final countdown to self-destruct . . .

GALATIA: Don't worry, kid . . . we're almost home. Can you make it on your own?

DWANNYUN: Yeah, I think so . . . (*Passes out.* GALATIA *tries to carry him, staggering under the weight.* BRONWYN *enters, dragging the gasping* EEEEEEEEELUH.)

NORM: Minus ten ribecs and counting . . .

BRONWYN: We gotta make tracks, Cap! This ship's on route to that Big Camporee in the Sky!

NORM: TEN . . .

GALATIA: Kiss Cinderella good-bye, Bru! We've stayed too long at the ball!

BRUCILLA: She's too much for me, Cap!

NORM: NINE . . .

BRONWYN: Is there another exit?!

GALATIA: Only one, Sis . . . the final exit!

NORM: EIGHT . . .

BRONWYN: Great Mother!

GALATIA: (*Drops* DWANNYUN *in order to help* BRU.) Hey Jumbo! Catch! (GALATIA *hurls herself at* ORGA. ORGA *drops* BRU.)

NORM: SEVEN . . .

(ORGA *picks up* GALATIA *and shakes her like a tiny rag doll . . . then, holding the* CAP *under one arm, she turns to fight* BRUCILLA *with the other.* BRONWYN *is trying to move both* DWANNYUN *and* EEEEEEEEELUH *and is not having much luck.*)

BRUCILLA: Arrrrrrrrrrrgghhh!!! Let go a' Cap, you big PALOOKA! (BRU *makes a hit.* ORGA *drops* GALATIA. GALATIA *readies herself for another attack.*)

NORM: SIX . . .

BRUCILLA: No, Cap! There's no time! Get the others back to the ship! I'll hold off Thumbelina!

NORM: FIVE . . .

GALATIA: Forget it, Bru! I won't lose a first-rate officer to a re-wired trash-masher!

NORM: FOUR . . .

BRUCILLA: NO! The crew needs ya, Cap! I'm dispensible! All muscle and not much else! Let me do this thing! Let me do this ONE THING right!

NORM: THREE . . .

BRONWYN: Captain! You gotta help me here! Bru's right! We're no match for the Cyborg!

NORM: TWO . . .

GALATIA: (*Looks at* BRU. *At* SIS. *At* BRU. *With a tear in her eye, she makes her decision.*) Ejection Pod! Hang a left out the exit! Chin up, Bru! Catch ya in the next life! May it be a better one!

NORM: ONE . . . (*Ship rumbles. A low hum and moaning Girl Guide Voices.*)

BRUCILLA: S'long, Cap! It was fun while it lasted! (*Looks at* ORGA.) Okay, Queen Kong, I'm gonna kick your tail from Hell to Breakfast!

NORM: (*As Lon Chaney, Jr.*) Tell me about the rabbits, George.

BRUCILLA: (*Charging* ORGA) Bonsaiiiiiii!

(*BOOM!!! Large explosion. Blinding flash. Very sad music as scene changes.*)

Scene 10

(*The Harpy. Sirens and flashing red lights.* GALATIA *spins onto the bridge, pulling levers and throwing switches. Sirens stop. She notices that* EROTICA ANN *is not there.*)

GALATIA: ANNIE! Where's Annie!

EVIE: Everything's cool, Cap. Officer Ann just checked into Section 38 lock.

GALATIA: Thank Goddess! For a moment I thought we'd be thrusting into the sunset with half a crew.

EVIE: And, Cap? There's someone with her.

GALATIA: BRU!!!

EVIE: Sorry, Cap. This one reads male.

GALATIA: S'okay, Evie. Too much to expect, I guess.

BRONWYN: Captain. Eeeeeeeeeluh's in sick bay for de-tox.

GALATIA: Good work.

BRONWYN: I dropped the kid by decontamination. He'll be issued a uniform and held, pending orders.

GALATIA: Umm-hmm.

BRONWYN: He's real hot to join up, Cap. I checked his priors and he's clean. We have talked about taking on some male crew members?

GALATIA: Yeah . . . we never agreed on it, though. Shave-tail, neuter-bootin' short-stakers! Wear their brains between their legs, the lot of 'em!

BRONWYN: Well . . . yes, but . . .

GALATIA: Always goldbricking . . . drinkin' too much . . . gets a little rough, they're over the side. And THIS ONE thinks he can fill Brucilla's pressure suit!

BRONWYN: Uh . . . Captain? . . . I . . . uh . . . know what Bru meant to you . . . that you thought of her as a kid sister and . . . I just wanted to say, I'm sorry.

GALATIA: Me too, Sis. Me too.

BRONWYN: You did all you could, Cap.

GALATIA: I'll tell you what I did . . . I tucked tail and decamped, leaving the best military strategist this side of the spiral arm, and a darn good kid, to play bullet-bait for a cock-eyed cyborg!

BRONWYN: No, Cap! You got yourself and three other people off that breathin' booby-hatch before it blew!

GALATIA: Bananas! I let that Bohunk Blowhard bend me over a barrel and send Brucilla home in a box! So, buzz off, Sister, the buck stops here!

BRONWYN: Bullshit, Cap, you're off the beam! That laser-sucking Cyborg made us look like amateur night. Bru had the muscle to hold her off. One life for four, Cap . . . not bad odds.

GALATIA: But it was Bru, Sis! That one life was Bru . . . and I just don't know if I can live with that.

BRONWYN: You'll live with it. You'll live with it because you gotta live with it.

GALATIA: (*Shifting gears*) EVIE! Make that a yeoman's uniform for Griivarr. Give him a rundown on the ship and send him up to the bridge, post-haste.

EVIE: Yes, Captain.

EROTICA: (*Enters, dragging* KALIF) Transport your posterior before I beam it into a relatively unknown sector of the galaxy!

GALATIA: Sis . . . it's Annie . . . she's . . .

BRONWYN: Cookin' with gas, Cap; I'm not blind.

EROTICA: Affirmative.

GALATIA: How'd you apprehend our shifty friend?

EROTICA: The half-cocked Casanova played right into my expert hands.

KALIF: SEDUCTRESS!

EROTICA: SUB-SENTIENT PARTICLE SUCKER!

KALIF: You're beautiful when you're angry.

EROTICA: AIHHHHHHHHHHEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

(ANNIE *flies at* KALIF *and starts to choke him. The others try to pull her off and can't. The* CAP *pulls the plug on her helmet.* EROTICA *goes limp, they pull her center, and plug her back in.*)

EROTICA: Oh!

GALATIA: Better learn to control those new feelings, Ann. One good tantrum from you and we could wind up whistling Dixie in another dimension.

EROTICA: You mean once you have them, you have to learn to control them?

BRONWYN: Either that or seek employment outside the inhabited universe.

EROTICA: (*Laughs*) Confusing. (*Laughs*) Oh . . . (*Laughs*) . . . Oh! Feels good! (*Laughs*) No! It hurts! (*Laughs*) Jokes! That's what jokes are! Bru! Where's Bru?

BRONWYN: Annie . . .

EROTICA: Let's hear a joke! I wanna hear a joke! Where's Bru?

GALATIA: Annie . . . Bru's gone. She didn't make it.

EROTICA: Bru didn't . . . no . . . this feels . . . bad . . . this feels . . . NO!!! . . . BRU!!! (*She runs out.*)

BRONWYN: Annie!

GALATIA: Wait, Sis . . . this is something she has to learn to deal with herself.

DWANNYUN: (*Marches in*) Yeoman O. Griivarr reporting for duty, Captain.

GALATIA: At ease, Yeoman. (*He clicks his heels and snaps a salute.*) At EASE. (*He stands at ease.*) You've got some tall boots to fill, Yeoman.

DWANNYUN: Yes, Ma'm! I'm quite aware of that Captain, Ma'm!

GALATIA: Ready for your first orders?

DWANNYUN: Yes, Captain. Quite ready, Captain, Ma'm!

GALATIA: Good. Escort Bajar here down to the brig.

DWANNYUN: My pleasure, Captain . . .

KALIF: You'll regret this you lop-sided half-woman!

GALATIA: This may come as a big surprise to you, jack, but that is not the worst thing you could have said to me. (*Poem lights*)

The female psyche can't absorb
The male fixation with the orb.
It's only men the silly nits,
That live . . . and breathe . . . and DIE for tits!

Dismissed, Griivarr. EVIE! Run a damage check. Seal off anything "iffy."

KALIF: (*From off*) YOU'LL RUE THIS DAY, GALATIA 9!

EVIE: Right away, Captain.

GALATIA: Let's have some visual, Sis. I'd like to take a last look.

BRONWYN: Yes, Captain. I understand. (*Visual on. Sentimental music.*)

GALATIA: Geeze! Look at that, will ya? So peaceful. You would've thought there'd have been something left . . . Wait . . .

BRONWYN: Captain . . .

GALATIA: Is it possible?

BRONWYN: I'm getting a reading . . .

GALATIA: Magnify power 7!

BRONWYN: Captain it's . . .

BOTH: BRU!

BRONWYN: It IS Bru! It would seem that at the crucial moment, the Galatic Girl Guides, urged on by the tremendous force of their combined goodness, wrapped themselves around Bru, forming a protective air pocket, in a final gesture of sisterly affection!

GALATIA: Thank Goddess!

BRONWYN: Captain! There's someone with her . . . cryonically preserved but matching our life-prints for . . . Prime Minister Glorianna of Pheobus!

GALATIA: EVIE! Prepare the pod for immediate . . . WAIT! (*Buzzing noise and flashing lights.*)

EVIE: Captain . . .

GALATIA: Look!

EVIE: . . . Officer E.Ann just checked out of Section 38 like a bat out of hell.

GALATIA: There's Annie!

BRONWYN: Like a bat outta hell!

GALATIA: She's closing in! She should employ the Magneto-boy Heat-seeking projectile net . . . She did! She's got Bru!

BRONWYN: They're coming home!

GALATIA: Kill the visual, Sis. There's nothing else out there I need to see.

BRONWYN: Mother forego me!

GALATIA: Hey, Sis . . . what was that old saying about the Mother?

BRONWYN: The Great Mother knows best?

GALATIA: Something about her being a paradox . . .

BRONWYN: Oh! The Mother is paradox, everpresent and never there when you need her.

GALATIA: She was there for us this time, Sis! (*Swooshing sound*)

BRUCILLA: (*Taking off helmet*) Hey! Where's the welcome wagon? Roll out the barrel'n hustle up some grub! Brucilla's emptier than a busted air lock!

BRONWYN: BRU!

BRUCILLA: Sis! (BRU *picks up* BRONWYN *and swings her around.*) Cap. (*They shake hands.*)

EROTICA: Captain. Prime Minister Glorianna is defrosting in the Deck 2 sleep tanks. Shall I set a course for the Pheobus System?

GALATIA: Think you can handle it, Annie?

EROTICA: It would be my PLEASURE, Captain.

BRUCILLA: Hey, Gals! Watch this . . . (*To* ANNIE) Hey! Chuckles! How many Darvomites DOES it take to screw in a tes-tape regulator?

EROTICA: I don't know, Bru. How many Darvomites DOES it take to screw in a tes-tape regulator?

BRUCILLA: Two. One to disconnect the vastule and the other to reprogram the stentall. Get it? (ANNIE *laughs.*) AW-RIGHT!! (BRU *slaps* ANNIE *on the back.* ANNIE *slaps* BRU *on the back and knocks her across the bridge.* BRU *jumps up.*) AW-RIGHT!!!

DWANNYUN: (*Enters*) Mission accomplished, Captain. Bajar behind bars, Griivarr awaiting orders, Captain. Ma'm!

BRUCILLA: AW-RIGHT, DWANE!!!

GALATIA: Break it up, Bozos! We got no time for tittering like a covy of Lycon Choirboys. Status, Bru? We got the Krystal to get us to the mining belts?

BRUCILLA: High, wide, and handsome, Cap!

GALATIA: Bronwyn, sono-scan. Everything quiet?

BRONWYN: As a silent prayer.

EROTICA: Course set, Captain. We jump to hyper-space in minus 80 ribecs.

BRUCILLA: Welcome aboard, Dwayne. (*Slaps his bottom.*)

DWANNYUN: Oh . . . Geeze . . .

GALATIA: AND KNOW, WHEN EVIL WINKS AND SIGHS,
AND TO THY BREAST DOTH FLY TO CLING,
WHEN THOU WOULDST HEED THE SIREN'S CRIES,
BEWARE THE BEAT OF HARPY'S WINGS!

(*BLAM! Part of* BRUCILLA*'s control board shorts out.*)

BRUCILLA: Shit! (*The Harpy jumps into hyper-drive. Lights. Sound.*)

AND

Glorianna of Pheobus, Girl Guides,
and the Brain of NORM

Song for Scene 4B

DWANNYUN: But you said . . .

BRUCILLA: Two shuttles passing in the void. That's what we were, Dwayne.

DWANNYUN: That's Dwannyun.

BRUCILLA: (*Song*)
JUST CHERISH WHAT WE HAD AND THEN
DON'T DWELL ON WHAT WE COULDA BEEN
AN IF YOU GOTTA BLAME, 'TIS BEST BY FAR
TO BLAME IT ON THOSE CRAZY STARS

DWANNYUN: THERE'S A BIG BLACK HOLE
WHERE YOUR HEART OUGHTA BE
YOUR OWN VERY SINGULAR
SINGULARITY
IT'S THAT AGE-OLD PROBLEM
CALL IT GRAVITY
YOU SUCKED ME IN, LITTLE GIRL
SO DON'T PRETEND, LITTLE GIRL
'CAUSE THOSE CRAZY STARS
DON'T GIVE A BOOT FOR ME

BRUCILLA: THERE'S THAT CRAZY LASER SHOW
WHERE YOUR EYES OUGHTA BE
HEY! THEY KNOCKED ME ON MY ASS
I MEAN THAT LITERALLY
YOU KNOW, I FEEL LIKE I'M IN FREEFALL
TELL ME WHY DON'T I FEEL FREE!
MY CIRCUITS ALL HAVE BEEN BLOWN
SAY, HEY! HAVE YOU GOTTA CLONE?
WHO'LL MAKE THOSE CRAZY STARS
SHINE JUST FOR ME?

BOTH: FROM THE MOMENT THAT WE MET
I WAS LIGHT AS A NUTRINO
I NEVER WOULDA BET
THAT YOU COULD BE SO MEAN-OH-WO-WO-WO!

DWANNYUN: THERE'S A CRAZY DIMMER SWITCH
WHERE MY LOVE USED TO TWITCH

BRUCILLA: (*Spoken*) So shoot me! I couldn't tell him I had to leave.

DWANNYUN: WE WENT FROM HYPER-WOW! TO SUB-SO LONG
AND ALL WITHOUT A HITCH

BRUCILLA: A bad order from high up, an entire squadron bought the farm. I was the scapegoat. A team player, screwed by the team.

DWANNYUN: TAKE A LONG WALK OFF A TRANSPORT TUBE
YOU TRANS-GALACTIC B . . .

BRUCILLA: *WAIT* for me, Dwayne!

BOTH: WHEN SPACE HAS LOST ALL ITS CHARMS
YOU'LL (I'LL) BLAST BACK INTO MY (YOUR) ARMS

DWANNYUN: TILL THEN THOSE CRAZY STARS WON'T SHINE!

BRUCILLA: NO they won't.

DWANNYUN: 'CAUSE I AIN'T GETTING MINE!

BRUCILLA: So they don't.

BOTH: BECAUSE THOSE CRAZY STARS
DON'T GIVE A BOOT FOR ME!

BRUCILLA: Later, Dwayne.

DWANNYUN: And she never came back.

Impasse and Telepath Lay a Transdimensional Guilt Trip on the Guides

Brucilla Goes Up with the Ship and Bronwyn Consoles the Cap

We're Talking Togetherness, Kid: Verloona and Captain Chaos

STAR TREK and STAR WARS step aside, because women will be in command in this fantastic vision of the future. Featuring such inimitable characters as Orga the Killer Cyborg and Grad the Illegible, this book contains elaborate character renderings by the internationally acclaimed artist **Michael Kaluta.** Also included are color and black-and-white photographs of the sets and costumes designed by Kaluta.

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